

A MEMBER OF A DA'S SPECIAL INVESTIGATION SQUAD'S UNDERCOVER ASSIGNMENT

WE HAD TO JOIN A MATE-EXCHANGE SOCIETY!

Man's

Life

OCT.

35¢

PDC

The Action
Magazine
For Men



AIDED BY THE NATIVES ALONG EVERY INCH OF HIS 2000 MILE "IMPOSSIBLE" ROUTE, AN AMERICAN DESCRIBES HIS INCREDIBLE TREK

"I ESCAPED ACROSS **RED CHINA!**"

HOW MUCH IS TRUTH. . . **FOOD**
HOW MUCH IS FICTION. . .

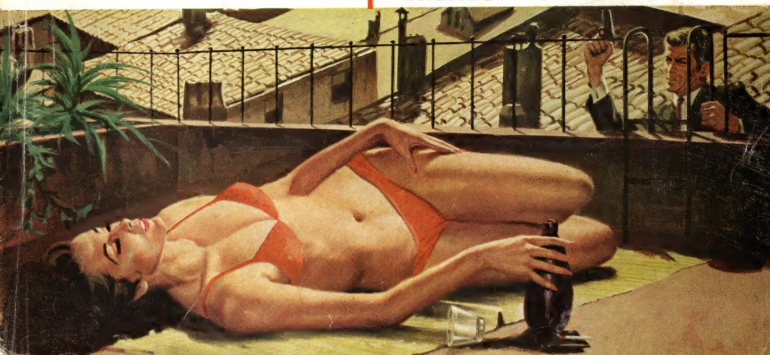
THAT IMPROVES YOUR LOVE POWER!



"AS IF THE JAPS WEREN'T ENOUGH,
I HAD FIVE BEAUTIFUL NURSES
TRAILING ALONG WITH ME. . ."

BREAKOUT FROM A JAVA DEATH TRAP!

\$14,000,000 IN EMERALDS AND PEARLS WE FOUND THE 300 YEAR OLD TREASURE OF COSTA RICA!





I'll Make You a Master of CHINESE KUNG-FU

... the Oriental ART of INSTANTANEOUS DEATH that is applied with NO Bodily Contact

the Chinese method of Attack and Self-Defense kept so secret that it has been handed down in China only from father to son because of its DEADLY power to disable or kill! Now these devastatingly brilliant secrets that require NO PHYSICAL STRENGTH OR EXERTION are revealed to you in the English language by a KUNG-FU Master who dares to teach you AT HIS RISK!

WHO IS THIS MAN?

Behind the blindfold is the Hon. Master "Kung-Fu." That's not his real name, of course. If you were a Kung-Fu expert, you'd recognize his real name at once, if we were to reveal it. But we cannot, for his Chinese fellow Kung-Fu Masters would punish him severely for revealing the deadly maneuvers he has sworn to keep secret.

Protect Yourself and

Containing more than 150 step-by-step your personal KUNG-FU Master Instructor takes clear and simple, easy to understand language how your power a THOUSANDFOLD. You learn how to fully armed and even pinning you to the ground can't disarm one hoodlum... send another flying through the air and slam a third into the ground—all in a split second of KUNG-FU maneuver that will take your attackers by surprise!

Never Be Afraid Again!

Secretly written in the Orient the contents of this amazing "how-to" picture book was shipped to Hawaii, where it was printed under cover away from prying eyes, then sent to the U. S. for limited distribution to those who agree to apply KUNG-FU ONLY FOR SELF-DEFENSE! If you were fortunate enough to be able to go to China, Hong Kong or Hawaii to take this amazing course—and were willing to pay \$500 or even \$1,000 to your KUNG-FU Master—you would be refused, because KUNG-FU secrets are NEVER taught to strangers or outsiders! Because KUNG-FU is deadly beyond imagination (and since attack as well as defense is taught) only a small limited edition has been printed. Frankly we don't want just everybody to learn these secret maneuvers. KUNG-FU will NOT be sold in any store, and is available ONLY by mail to serious students who must vow NEVER to use it as an aggressor—but only as self-defense to protect himself, his friends and family. We don't ever want a criminal or hoodlum to be able to buy it because of its deadly power.

What IS Kung-FU?

KUNG-FU is the most DEADLY form of defense and attack ever devised! Even a Karate, Savate or Judo expert shudders at the thought of meeting a KUNG-FU master because he knows who the winner will be! With just basic knowledge of KUNG-FU learned easily in the privacy of your home, this FAST, EASY, PICTURE WAY, you can beat hoodlums, OUTFIGHT TWO, THREE and even FOUR Karate or Judo experts, Professional Wrestlers or Boxers!

When CHINESE KUNG-FU arrives in your mail, you turn to page 87 and look at the easy-to-understand photo illustrations. INSTANTLY you see how easily you can turn your opponents attack into a CRIPPLING blow to his chest—a maneuver you can perform in just a few minutes of practice! A few pages later I show you how to escape a deadly strangle-hold quickly and easily by slamming your attacker into the ground!

You Loved Ones!

LIVE ACTION and SLOW MOTION PHOTOS you by your hand and shows you in plain, to use highly secret KUNG-FU to multiply to handle a small mob of attackers who are so you can't move. You pay nothing if you

Become a NEW MAN!

Our streets aren't safe today. Crime increases daily. You no longer have to be helpless, ashamed or humiliated—and look pitiful in the eyes of your friends. Protect yourself, your family, your girl friend from hoodlums and wiser-cracking bullies. With KUNG-FU you can use the hidden power that lies within you to master every situation! You'll laugh as you send bullies and criminals flying in terror, and you'll walk the streets happy, calm and confident in your new power! And you'll do

all this without working up a sweat or even spoiling the crease in your trousers. That's because brilliantly executed KUNG-FU requires NO bodily contact—virtually NO physical exertion... and almost NO application of your body or hands! And yet KUNG-FU can be deadly, disabling and disastrous to any unfortunate opponent who is foolish enough to threaten you with ANY other technique, such as punching, Savate, Judo, Wrestling, etc. Yes, with the confidence that KUNG-FU can give you, you can walk the streets with knowledge that NOTHING can frighten you... that you can deal with ANY man, ANY weapon, ANY situation. Your friends and loved ones will be proud of you with your new power.

Nothing Else To Buy!

KUNG-FU is complete—there is NOTHING else to buy—ever! You don't have to practice on dummies and you need no apparatus. Once you receive CHINESE KUNG-FU you can throw away all the other courses on Self-Defense you have ever bought—because NONE compares with KUNG-FU! KUNG-FU is effective whether you're standing, sitting or even LYING DOWN ASLEEP and OFF GUARD!

It was originally decided to offer the complete KUNG-FU instruction at \$10.00—a TREMENDOUS bargain at that price. However, to make it available to good citizens who want to use these secret maneuvers for self-defense and to help combat the ever-increasing crime rate, we are making KUNG-FU available now at the amazingly low price of just \$3.98. If you and your friends don't say that KUNG-FU has made a NEW MAN out of you, every cent you have paid will be refunded without question! Don't even bother returning the KUNG-FU book. Just tear off the front cover and mail back to us for a full, no questions asked refund. We'll take your word for it. MAIL COUPON NOW! AIR MAIL reaches us overnight.

MAIL DARING MONEY-SAVING NO-RISK FREE-TRIAL COUPON NOW

RESERVATION
CERTIFICATE
NUMBER **7063**

You are guaranteed to have one of these limited edition books reserved for you for 30 days. Because of the highly volatile nature of KUNG-FU, it may never be printed again. Avoid disappointment and mail your order in now to assure receipt. Be sure to include your RESERVATION CERTIFICATE.

☐ Check here if you also wish included a copy of "Forbidden Oriental Fighting Arts - Deadly Attacks and Defense" - for Commandos, Jung Fighters, etc. sold separately. Each only \$9.98. HUNDREDS OF PHOTOGRAPHS

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- ☐ OK, Honorable Master Kung-Fu! I accept your daring No-Risk free-trial offer to reveal the secrets of KUNG-FU! Ship in plain wrapper of one. I enclose \$3.98 as payment in full. I understand that there is nothing else to buy ever again. My friends and I must be delighted with my new KUNG-FU power and self-confidence—or my money will be refunded promptly in full—I will return the front cover of the book.
- ☐ I agree never to use KUNG-FU as an aggressor—only to defend myself and my friends and to protect the secrets of KUNG-FU to anyone else.

(My Signature)

NAME _____ Age _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Law Enforcement Agencies: Write for quantity discounts on official letterhead.



This man is a "security risk"!

Age, 29. Married. Two children. High school education. Active in lodge, church, veterans' organization. Employed by large manufacturing concern. Earns \$95 a week.

Sounds like an Average Joe. And he is. Too average! He's got a job. It pays fairly well. He's satisfied.

But here's the catch. With the right kind of training, this young man could be stepping into better jobs. He could be making \$8-10,000 a year. He could be cashing in on those spare-time hours he now wastes.

As it stands now, he's stuck in his job. Can't seem to make any headway. He's reluctant to try. So he just hangs on.

This man is a "Security Risk" to his wife and

children. His family probably will never enjoy the comforts, the prestige, the good living that could be theirs.

If hard times come, they are almost sure to be hurt. For an Average Joe can't compete with trained men when the chips are down.

A man like this would do well to start a planned program of self-improvement. In his spare time. In a field related to his interests and abilities. Right NOW!

One good way to start—a way proved by hundreds of thousands of once-Average Joes who are making good today—is to enroll for special training with a recognized correspondence school. One like I.C.S., the world's oldest and largest.

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Clip coupon here—and take your first big step to real success!

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- ☐ Heating & Air Conditioning with Drawing
- ☐ House Planning, Interior Design
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints
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- ☐ Commercial Art
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- ☐ Sales Management
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- ☐ Analytical Chemistry
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- ☐ Gen'l Chemistry
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
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- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Eng'n'g
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Sewage Plant Op'r
- ☐ Structural Engineering
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- ☐ DRAFTING
- ☐ Architectural
- ☐ Drafting Technology

- ☐ Electrical and Electronic
- ☐ Mechanical
- ☐ Structural
- ☐ ELECTRICAL
- ☐ Appliance Servicing
- ☐ Elec. Eng. Technician
- ☐ Ind. Elec. Technician
- ☐ Motor Repairman
- ☐ Practical Electrician
- ☐ Practical Lineman
- ☐ Reading Electrical Blueprints
- ☐ ELECTRONICS
- ☐ Electronic Computers
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- ☐ Electronics Technician
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- ☐ Practical Telephony
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- ☐ Chemical
- ☐ Civil

- ☐ Electrical
- ☐ Mechanical
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- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Quality Control

- ☐ Reading Shop Prints
- ☐ Tool Design
- ☐ SECRETARIAL
- ☐ Clerk-Typist
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Shorthand
- ☐ Stenographic
- ☐ Typist
- ☐ STEAM and DIESEL POWER
- ☐ Power Plant Eng'n'g
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Man's Life

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The Action Magazine For Men

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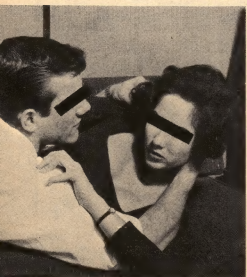
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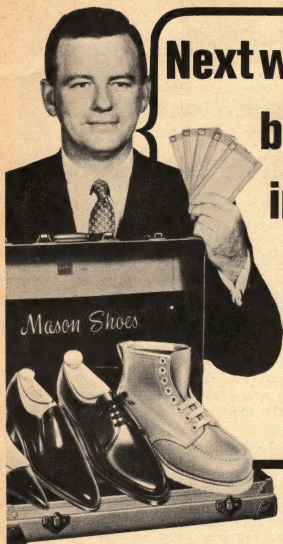
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and more in
your spare time.**

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we put up all the cash!**

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Age _____ Amount I Want to Borrow \$ _____

BRIEFING SESSION

So suicide-bent are bullfighters that most are a sure bet to kill themselves some other way if they survive the bull ring. Case in point: Juan Belmonte, who died by the gun last spring, after he had retired. . . . If you're a good hand at beating quail out of the bush, always try to flush them in the direction of a closeby barn. These birds are so chicken, chances are they'll fly right into the wall in panic, and break their necks. You bag them without firing a shot. . . .

Brainwash yourself of all that nonsense you've heard about coffee sobering you up. Caffeine actually keeps you drunker longer. . . .

To win the world's sky-diving championship, you'd have to dive from a 200 mph plane at 7,000 feet and parachute dead center on an "X" three feet by four, three consecutive times. . . .

Babe Ruth is the only man ever to hit three homers in one series game, and he did it twice: in 1926 and 1928. . . .

AUTOMOTIVE BRIEFING. A shiny new copper cylinder head gasket does not mean the car's just had an engine job. Some used car vultures slip in the new gasket automatically as part of their whole deception. Best way to tell whether the engine's just had work is by listening for knocks and checking oil pressure. . . .

Figure a way to rebuild old spark plugs and the manufacturers will pay perhaps a million—just to shut you up. . . .

Plain soda water is world's best cleaner for corroded battery terminals. . . .

For some reason yet unexplained, African elephants just love to stand beside highways and honk at cars. . . .

Final on new products—Available now are zinc "fish". Dangled over the side, they set up an electrical charge which saves underwater metal parts from salt corrosion. . . . Also, custom-made, matched "Lovebird" automatics finished in blue steel for you, pink for the wife. . . .

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OR FULL TIME**

**EARN AS
YOU LEARN**

**NO SELLING OF
ANY KIND**

**ONLY AVERAGE
EDUCATION
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Gain Prestige, Big Income, Job Security • What Other Career Offers a Better Future?

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We Teach You Quickly at Home in Your Spare Time

We are training scores of accident investigators by mail and helping to place them in the fast-growing, highly profitable Accident Investigating Field. No previous experience is required. A car is usually furnished; expenses are paid. Many men earn while they learn. Only an average education is required.

Earnings Like These!

Here are just a few reports of recent earnings: Bob Durant jumped his salary to \$7500 as soon as he started. Bill Peck made \$943.00 in just 5 days, checking hurricane damage! Bob Pritchard reports companies in his area offering men \$8,000 a year to start, plus car and expenses! (Many men are earning \$8 an hour on the side in their spare time.) No wonder Art Victoria writes, "I recommend Liberty School (Home Study Course) for anyone seeking a better life." We send you actual names and locations of successful Liberty School Graduates from all over the country.

If You Prefer to Operate a Business of Your Own

Even with all the company benefits given Accident Investigators some men prefer to operate their own business. No matter how ideal the job, they want to be "on their own."

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ACCIDENT
INVESTIGATOR



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Electric Carving Knife	1.50	Electric Train Set	1.36
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MODERN MEDICINE FOR MEN

by **R. M. Saunders, M. D.**

IN the past ten years treatment for heart disease has taken strides that may be termed miraculous. Today it is no great achievement when the surgeon lays down his scalpel after cutting open a heart and restoring a faulty valve which at one time would mean absolute death in a few years. It is a commonplace occurrence in hospitals all over the country.

But directly in line with this advance is the pace being set by young men, men in the prime of years, twenty to thirty-five; victims.

This is borne out by a rapid glance at statistics covering the years 1942 through 1955. A significant drop in heart "attacks" after the age of sixty. An increasing rate of deaths in the forty-to-fifty group. And these diseases usually have had their start in youth or in the teens at the latest.

This is a compelling point. Whether you like it or not, young man, you are setting the stage for your future heart attack right now!

Of course, it is not my province to take away your life without offering a chance at saving it. As I, stated in the beginning, along with the advance of this killer has come the policing of the medical profession.

I want you to be fully aware of this picture I paint for you. You are now preparing your own heart attack. Therefore, in order to cut it short, or not start it at all, there are some vital facts you should know that will introduce you to the work in preparation by medical cardiologists in attempting to stop this scourge.

FIRST: Do you know what a heart is?

This is not as foolish as it sounds. Cardiologists have found that improper knowledge regarding this vital organ inside your chest accounts for a high percentage of all heart "trouble." Therefore, a few basic points on just what a heart is and does:

A heart is a pump. Actually no more need be said. For this is its only function in your body. No more. It acts as a relay pumping station between your body's organs and your lungs. It acts as a force for shooting out the blood which has picked up the oxygen from your lungs (which you have breathed in)

and feeding this oxygen-filled blood to the rest of the body. The only reason you have difficulties in health when the heart goes wrong is simply because this oxygen supports all life. Without it, parts die off and so do you. So it is vital that the heart keeps pumping.

Now, the next point is how does it pump?

It pumps because you are alive. This is a circle, now isn't it? But truly, because you walk and move and bend and run and breathe, you keep it pumping. Here you can see the sense in regulated exercises to keep this heart in order—even after it is "sick." It pumps also because two sets of nerves from your spine trigger it off. It pumps, too, because certain chemicals you eat give it force.

So, the breakdown of a heart is easily understood. Take yourself. You're about twenty-five. About six months ago you started to get tired. You found walking up to the second floor was a little more than your wind could take. You puffed a little. Hey, you said—"I'm gettin' old"—and you laughed. But a physical checkup at a regular company examination brought out a very serious finding. You were added to the growing pile of statistics. They found a heart lesion. What it was they were not sure of, but they soon found out. They found out that when you were about nine years old you had a strep throat. You had been laid up for about a month with it—pretty sick, too. Even your knees swelled up and you couldn't walk for about a week. Then it all went away and you were running around a few weeks later.

This as the key. You had an undiagnosed case of Rheumatic Fever. This disease, so often unrecognized in the past, accounts for close to 85% of the heart trouble found in young men today.

To further establish their case, they put you to bed in a hospital. They took blood tests and found a definite bacteria still circulating in you. They found a certain wave change in your electrocardiogram. They were now certain what to do. In three weeks you will be out of the hospital and a program outlined for you which could more or less guar-

(Continued on page 60)

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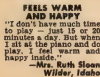
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Helped every inch of the way by friendly natives, he crossed the tremendous barrier of Himalayas!

ESCAPED ACROSS RED CHINA!"

by WILTON NORMAN



F T. HERTZ, on the northern edge of Burma, is only thirty-four miles from the Chinese border. I had been working on an engineering project in the vicinity, but being a mountaineer by hobby, the lure of the hills finally got too much for me. I wangled a week's vacation and took off to explore. I'm not an amateur in the wilderness. I had good maps and I can read a compass. I was definitely well inside Burma at the time.

Yet sometimes being in the right doesn't count. For example, you can have all the right of way you want, driving your car through an intersection, but if the other car doesn't stop—that's it.

What the Chinese reds were doing in the area, I don't know. I had a legal right to be there. They didn't. I wasn't able to argue about it very much. There were ten of them, all well armed and trigger-happy. I had a pistol tucked inside my shirt. I never even got a chance to reach for it. Which was just as well, as it turned out. For they never realized I was armed, never bothered to search me.

Instead they made me turn around to the north and with a bayonet pricking into my back, started me marching. Several hours later it wouldn't have done me any good to argue. We were inside China. I was stuck, but good.

I was put on a truck that was to carry me somewhere into the interior. But where luck had been completely against me before, it now turned in my favor. Somewhere in the high Himalayas, beyond Hsiuteng, north of Assam, the truck cracked up completely. I was thrown clear. Several of the soldiers—though not all—were killed. I took advantage of the mixed-up situation to disappear into the Tibetan hills.

I don't think the soldiers worried about my escape very much, at that point. An American, in western dress, alone in Tibet, I'd stand out like a sore thumb. I guess they figured they'd have me back in tow within a few hours. By all rights, they should have. But there were two things in my favor. I knew how to

(Continued on page 16)



Shigatse, Tibet, the town that is the home of the Panchen Lama. The Tibetans still resent the way the Chinese conquered it.

An aerial view of the endless Tibetan hills. The road is one of the military highways built by India. River is source of Indus.





Mountain climbers, carrying oxygen equipment, move past a stone monastery in their quest for the peak of one of the mountains in southern Tibet.

negotiate the high country and the natives hate the Chinese.

I think I realized that I was going to need help before an hour was up. The high altitude was doing things to my system. It was one thing riding quietly in a truck. But when it came to scrambling over rocks, running and dodging as fast as I could in an attempt to put distance between myself and the soldiers, my breath began to give out. My chest felt as if it were caving in and my legs as if they were made of rubber. To top it all off, it was cold as hell.

But just as I began looking for a place to lie down and die, my first friend appeared. An old man, he must have been well over seventy, strode around the base of a cliff, and while I was wondering whether to pull my pistol and shoot him—or shoot myself, he bowed and extended his hand in welcome.

I don't speak Tibetan, but he made his meaning clear. If I followed him, he had food, fresh water and a sheltered place to rest by the fire. I went willingly, of course. We walked for about a half hour. That is, he walked, while I plodded wearily behind, stopping to rest every few minutes. But then we suddenly came to a cut in the cliff. Slipping inside, there was a large cave. I could see a fire blazing in one corner. I was led over to it. Another man was cooking some meat at the fire. My first friend spoke to him for a minute, then I was given some of the meat to gobble. There was also a gourd of Yak milk. Afterwards, they indicated a pallet on the ground. I lay down and slept. And so ended my first day of freedom.

When I awoke in the morning, there were several other Tibetans around. One of them spoke English. I explained how I had escaped and he

told me he already knew, the story had spread all over the hills. Soldiers were searching for me everywhere and there was a price on my head.

I had guessed that, but my main worry was what I could possibly do next; where I could go; how I could return to free soil. I told them my story—from the moment I was kidnapped—and put myself at their mercy.

They thought for a while and then one of them suggested that since the roads and passes to the south and east were heavily guarded, perhaps I might wish to accompany them to a small monastery, a day's march to the north, where I could rest and hide.

I agreed and we set out. It's a pity that this isn't a travelogue. The scenery in the high country was magnificent. Our entire route lay among the ten to twelve thousand footmarks, while snowy peaks rose on both sides three to five thousand feet higher. To the west and south, they lifted up into monstrous heights over toward Assam, Sikkim and Nepal where Kachenjunga and Hotse and Everest reach the highest points on the entire planet.

Perhaps it was a day's march for them, but with me dragging along, it took a half day longer before we stumbled into the monastery grounds.

It was peaceful there. The calm and quiet, the endless friendliness yet dignified prayerfulness of the lamas, made it like a haven that was literally out of this world. I could understand how a man could willingly spend his life in a place like that.

Yet for me, even as a temporary sanctuary, it was denied. By early evening of the second day following my arrival, a Tibetan ran up to inform the old abbot that Chinese soldiers were approaching for a search. He thought he was about an hour ahead of the patrol.

EVEN WITH evening coming on, the monks felt it would be better if I left immediately. One of them volunteered to guide me. I was given heavy clothing, some food and water, and a small prayer rattle that the Abbott told me would bring down the divine Buddha's blessing on my travels. We left the monastery grounds a good half hour before the soldiers were expected. This time we headed to the west.

We spent the night in a small mountain hut at the peak of a fourteen thousand foot pass. "That way," the monk explained, "we'd be able to see if anyone approached in the first dawn."

Although we were a good thirty miles or so from the monastery, it seemed hardly a mile away in that clear, waterless air. Though we couldn't make out individuals, we

could plainly see some antlike creatures leaving the monastery in the early morning and heading in our direction.

We didn't wait for confirmation, but headed over the pass along the ridge, then through another gap in the hills. I was surprised that we'd so completely avoided the easier travel in the valley, but my guide laughed and said that's the way Chinese go. The true Tibetans keeps to the hills.

For two days my friend led me through the network of almost empty valleys and rugged hills. We finally came out on a high plateau at the head of a gigantic lake. I was surprised to find such a large body of water, but I was told that it was a deep lake fed from a nearby glacier. The surface often froze for several feet. But the lower water never froze and as a result there were fish living in it. He led me to a house and turned back the way he had come. He turned once as he reached the top of the ridge and waved. Then he was gone.

I stayed at the fisherman's house that day, that night and the next day. But as the sun set, he told me to come with him. "The wind comes from the east tonight," he said. "We can sail safely without being seen. Come now. For it will take till dawn to reach the other end of the waters."

It was almost eerie, sailing along in a tiny wooden vessel under the perfect blue of the Himalayan sky. There were billions of stars. And I passed the time by trying to identify the constellations I knew. After a while, I slept a bit.

It is difficult to merely catalogue my journey. It was as if I were embarked on a real underground railway as each guide and friend turned me over to the next section. The fisherman deposited me with a yak herder. He guided me to another monastery, and they in turn sent me on to a small farmer, deep in the interior of Tibet.

The altitude no longer weighed so heavily on me. I was becoming acclimated to the thinness of the atmosphere. I'd never be able to live and move with the springy, effortless step of the native Tibetans, but at least I was no longer a drag on my guides at the ten to fifteen thousand foot altitudes.

I recall asking someone where I was. This was after I had been traveling for more than four weeks. The man I asked merely shrugged and said "Tibet." I then asked what town I was near.

"There are no towns. Villages to the south. China to the north. Here are only farmers and herders and single houses in the valleys."

If ever there were a no place to be listed in the world, this was surely

it. It was the country of the ancient Gods. Even the all-pervasive Lamaistic Buddhism was heavily flavored with some pre-civilized, primitive atavism.

But still, I was moved ever onwards, always either north or west. When I asked where I was being taken, the answer was always a shrug. Many had come that way before, but each guide knew only his contact on the left or on the right. Where it all began, or where it all ended, no one knew. What was done was because of hatred for the Chinese; what was being done was for the freedom of Tibet.

I guess I'd come between five hundred and a thousand miles. Even when traveling on foot, on yakback, or across a lake in a boat, the distance slowly but surely added up. And still the days and weeks went on. Then suddenly one of my guides turned to me and announced "You in China now. These Kun Lun Mountains. Over there after the pass is Sinkiang."

"What pass is it?" I wanted to know.

"Baba Hatim. My grandfather remembered when the caravans passed through it."

BABA HATIM. I've since looked it up on the map. Over 16,000 feet high, one of the most elevated passes in the world. As the crow flies it is more than 1100 miles from my starting point at Ft. Hertz. I'd come completely across Tibet.

We were now in ancient Turkestan, the famous Khotan province of the Persian and Afghan fables, the land where rivers are born, flow and die, without ever reaching the sea; the inner heart of central Asia. I had pierced into it. I wondered how I'd ever get out.

I needn't have worried. I was in good hands. For suddenly our direction changed. No longer did we move north. West and southwest we followed the last ridges of the Kun Lun, carefully keeping away from the band of civilization that has grown up over thousands of years along the caravan routes that skirt the southern border of the Takla Maklan desert.

But these mountains were different from those of Tibet. They were dead, dry, sun-worn rock. For the moisture-laden winds from the Indian ocean can never reach across the huge heights of central Tibet. These were desert mountains. And the people who now took over guiding me were no longer the happy, smiling, lighthearted Tibetans.

The were a mountain breed to be sure, but a cosmopolitan one. Tibetan, Chinese, Turkomen blood mixed with Arab, Persian and Russian in this, the wildest, most-traveled area in the world, the land where if his-

tory is correct, the ancient Indo-European peoples took their first birth.

It was this very cosmopolitanism that made my journey possible. For these people too hated the Chinese, resisted the inevitable sinization that seemed bent on depriving them of their ancient heritage. Many of them looked longingly across the nearby border to the Kirghiz and Tadjik republics in the USSR, where their countrymen at least could escape the domination of the Chinese.

If I had wanted to go to Russia, they'd have taken me gladly, but anywhere out of China was all right with them. The border to Ladakh was closed. Chinese and Indian armies were sitting there. There was no possibility of getting me through. But further west, across the Karakorum glacier, past the borders of Hunza, there might be a chance. If I were willing to take it, they'd lead the way.

If I'd never been to Tibet, I might have found the Karakorum utterly impassable. Even having experienced the awesomeness of Tibet, the craggy grandeur was tremendous. No wonder the area is loosely guarded. It would be physically impossible to draw a line across these hills that rise in a continuous line from nineteen to twenty-eight thousand feet in height. In all the world, only the Everest Massif in Nepal, stands higher. But where that runs for perhaps fifty miles, this ridge continues for nearly three hundred. As a border, it's fearsome. As a military guardpost, it's unattackable. But for a party of two or three, all of whom are in fine physical shape, it's almost child's play.

Three hundred miles of ridge and I crossed it all, laterally. But not even the Karakorums can last forever, and one day the slopes grew almost gentle and we crossed the Nimitaka Pass at a mere 15,000 feet plus. Several times we passed within a few hundred yards of manned guardposts. But for these mountaineers, smugglers many of them in their spare time, it was like a country walk in a lush, grassy meadow. After a hundred and forty days of continuous mountaineering, even I was able to negotiate it without too much difficulty.

Then came the magic words. "See there? Afghanistan."

We descended from the hills. And at eleven thousand feet I walked boldly with my guide down into the first village I had entered in five months.

I wasn't home by a long shot. But at least the soil was free. I had escaped by the longest possible route I could have taken. But I had escaped. China was behind me. In the sense of the two worlds, an iron curtain apart, I had come home. ●



by THOMAS O'L—

WE HAD TO JOIN A MATE EXCHANGE SOCIETY

Janet and one of her partners during the evening. This photo was taken by a specially prepared secret camera Janet installed.



Policewoman Janet M—from a photo in the "cover" apartment. This shot was supposed to be a wedding picture.

I'M NOT GOING into the morality of wife-swapping. It's enough to say that in our county it's against the law. The people of our state, acting through their elected representatives in the legislature, have not only made adultery a crime, but have also specified that such acts as congregating for the purpose of group sexual activities, conspiring to promote such activities, the performing of certain acts specifically listed by statute as perverse, and acting against the public morality, are all criminal, in one category or another. In addition, county ordinance specifies that the owners or lessors of any house or apartment used for the purpose of unlawful cohabitation shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

That being so, the District Attorney of our county, to enforce the laws he is sworn to uphold, asked for volunteers among the investigative squad assigned to his office to break up a suspected swapping organization operating within the limits of our jurisdiction. Every member of our squad offered their services. Janet R—, a policeman, and I were finally se-



Officer Thomas O'L—from one of his official, departmental photos. With Janet, he broke up the society.

Here, a member of a wife-swapping organization poses sweetly as other members of the club assess her before bidding on her.



Two members of the District Attorney's confidential squad tell of their personal experiences as members of a group while working as undercover agents for gathering evidence!

lected.

Having been given all information on the group by the police department and the district attorney's office, we sat about making contact. It wasn't difficult at all.

Since the bulk of the male members of the swapping club were known to be employees of a local bottling works, we approached the manager and after explaining that we were engaged in a confidential assignment, both Janet and I were taken in as "employees". For the next few weeks our job was to get friendly with as many of the suspected individuals as we could. For the purpose of the assignment, Janet and I masquer-

aded as husband and wife.

Making friends was easier than we had ever suspected it would be. I suppose that was because the people concerned were naturally friendly, outgoing and gregarious folk who naturally enjoy socializing with anyone and everyone. Within a week, I was lunching regularly with several of the fellows, while Janet had gotten chummy with two women, the only wives in the club who worked at the plant. By the end of the second week, we were joining in beers after work, and had made an invitation for bowling which was promptly accepted. From that point on we had to wait for them to make the next move.

It came in a guarded sort of way, during the fourth week. Several of the fellows began talking sex and made a rather clumsy attempt to draw me out on the subject. I acted non-committal, since I felt that this would be interpreted as a natural attitude. I let them know that Janet and I had been "married" for three years, enjoyed sex immensely, yet I added that I had also fooled around on the side a bit, and then interjected petulantly that I had an idea that Janet had been out on the town a couple of times, but couldn't quite prove it.

One of them asked me if I minded very much. I told him that it wasn't

(Continued on page 44)

BREAKOUT FROM A

My job was to lead five beautiful nurses through the enemy lines to safety!

Below—checking over a howling crashback for Jap invaders; right—Allied soldiers and Javanese attempt to kill Japs.



by SGT. WILLIAM L. FANSHION

CROUCHED AT THE DEPRESSION, a hot Tommy gun in my fists and the last of a string of grenades suspended from my belt, I squinted at three Jap tanks followed by a company of banzai-shrieking infantrymen moving resolutely on our position. It was getting light over the Soerabaja jungle.

Beside the flame-gutted ambulance behind me lay Saa I/c Joe Turner, an enemy .25 in his belly, mercifully unconscious. Aredheaded Dutch nurse knelt beside him, administering plasma. There were four other nurses, an American and three Dutch girls.

"They'll never take me, Fanshion!" The American nurse, a blond, screamed suddenly. I wheeled around, cursing. Betty Mae Oliver, 28, was staring down at a grenade in her fist. Sobbing hysterically, the blonde was alternately watching



the on-rushing Japs and the grenade, and it was apparent to me in that moment, just exactly what the frightened nurse had in mind.

"Lob it! Lob it!" I bellowed. "Pull the damned pin and lob it!"

Frantically, I swiveled back to the onrushing Japs, squeezing off a long burst on the Tommy gun. A mortar shell had ploughed into the interior of the ambulance, and the sound of crackling flames roared an octave higher than the high-pitched, terrified chattering of the nurses. Sant Haccumba, a Dutch nurse, lay beside Turner,

JAVA DEATH TRAP



(no banged up and exhausted to move, I heard her screaming.

"It's better to die! It's better to die now—" As the first Jap swif began to rain down around us, I thought so too. . . .

Twelve hours before, on March 1, 1942, Allied officers and men were given orders to evacuate Java in the face of onrushing Japs. Three B-25s had been flown in, and a large submarine arrived at the Tjilatjap Navy Yard to take off civilians of prominence. Old China gunboats and British corvettes escorted merchant ships filled

to the gunnels with Army personnel, many of whom were wounded in the earlier fighting. At dusk, the same day, the Japanese Western Force of their overall invasion force took possession of the leading allied airfield.

It was a wild, incongruous sort of an evacuation. Anything and everything got moving. Equally wild was the chain reaction of friend-ships that got started. Marines took up with Army guys. British tank men were put in charge of two Dutch infantry divisions. A weird collection of Allied boats

(Continued on page 47)

A WHALE OF GIRL



Or should we say, Wales, for that's where Sue Owens comes from. Like all Welsh girls she can sing up a real storm!







A WHALE OF GIRL

Black-haired Sue, with deep green eyes, is just 20 years old. She's 5'5" tall, curves to a cute 35-22-36 inches!



\$14,000,000

WE FOUND THE 300 YEAR OLD TREASURE OF COSTA RICA

by RON DELANEY



Looking at Alicia I could understand the pressures that were driving Nat wild. To keep her, he'd be willing to commit any kind of crime. And I could hardly blame him. For her sake, I'd have stolen twice the amount of money.

I'M NOT a professional story teller so I had better start this story from the beginning.

I'm Ron Delaney. I'm a professional geographer employed by the Betterson Geographical Institute. My specialty is to unearth and then hunt down the sites of buried treasures. Let me explain right now that I don't get a cut on any of the buried treasures I discover. I'm strictly on a salary basis. The salary is good so I'm not kicking.

To get to my story. At the beginning of this year, I was busily engaged in tracking down the movements of a certain Spanish nobleman called Miguel de Vaga.

My work was arduous, considering the fact that Senor de Vaga had lived some three hundred years ago. My interest in this Spanish gentleman had to do with the fact that he had absconded from his country with fourteen million dollars in emeralds and pearls stolen from the Royal House.

After much laborious spade work, I became convinced that de Vaga had taken his loot to the new world, to Costa Rica, to be exact. Given a little luck, I thought I might be able to pin-point the exact location in which de Vaga might have secreted his huge fortune. (I'm sorry that I

can't be more specific than this, but all such information belongs to the Geographical Institute.)

At any rate, I received permission from my employers to proceed with my undertaking. At the same time I got the go-ahead, I was also informed that an assistant had been assigned to me, Nat Owens.

Nat Owens had joined me on several treasure-hunting expeditions before. He was a blond giant of a man who looked like a Viking god. Scion of a wealthy family, Nat had run through the family fortune in a hurry. I didn't like the man at all. In my book, he was a footloose adventurer, a bum, a man with the face of a god and the heart of a wolf.

Much as I disliked Nat Owens, I liked his wife, Alicia. I had never been able to figure out what this gentle, beautiful woman saw in her lout of a husband. This last statement of mine, I'm sorry to say, is a flat lie. I knew what Alicia saw in Nat. As a lover, the man was incomparable. Once he possessed a woman, that was it. The woman belonged to him. Alicia stayed with Nat Owens because she was his love slave. It didn't matter that she knew her husband had ten other women on the side. She belonged to Nat, that was all she knew.

About two weeks later, accompanied by Nat and Alicia Owens, I flew down to Costa Rica. We carried the usual treasure-hunting armament—spades, shovels, pitch-forks, and what not.

The location I had pin-pointed as the probable site for the buried loot was about sixty miles away from the capital, San Jose. It was pretty much out in the wasteland, about twenty miles from the nearest village.

The task of uncovering the treasure in emeralds and pearls that had been hidden by Senor de Vaga, proved to be one of the easiest I had ever undertaken. We found the buried treasure on the afternoon of the second day.

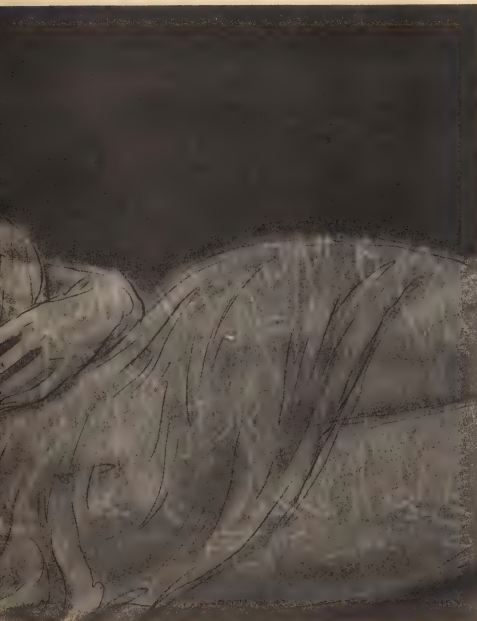
To celebrate the discovery, Nat brought out a bottle of Scotch. He poured out three shots.

"Here's to Senor de Vaga," Nat said, raising his glass, "and to us."

I gulped down my Scotch, put the tumbler on the grass. I noticed that neither Nat or Alicia had, as yet, downed their respective drinks. Both of them were staring at me in a peculiar

(Continued on page 58)

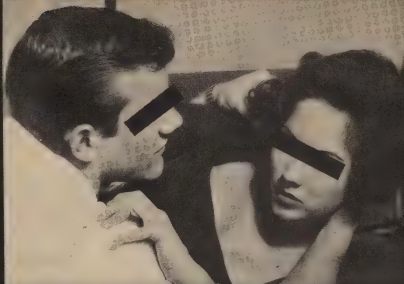
It was one thing to find it. It was another to bring it all back!





FOODS THAT IMPROVE YOUR LOVE POWER

*While a lot is just plain
superstition, science says
there are true love diets!*



by P. T. BARNHOFF

CAN YOU OR CAN'T YOU? No one knows for sure. In fact, it's still a puzzle when Man first tried to grease the route to bed with dainty morsels.

Medieval black magicians traced all love potions back to Eve and the apple. They promised the young swain the apple of his eye if only he munched an apple soaked in the sweat of his beloved's armpits (no one told him how to get that) and then intoned, "Oh, God, who created Adam and Eve out of the four elements, how Eve actually handed down evil to Adam and brought him to sin, so shall she who eats of this fruit carry on forever my desires."

Possibly love food didn't begin with the apple, but the word aphrodisiac stems from Aphrodite, Greek goddess of love, and her name in turn is really a corruption of the Phoenician for "love fruit."

No matter how it started, the theory of eating for love holds that if clothes make the man, food makes the woman, and much more effectively than suggestive pictures, ribald conversation, sensuous music and heavy incense. Not only that, aphrodisiac food is supposed to send new life into old men and turn shy Romeos into Rubirosas.

Not too many centuries after the apple episode, the ancient Hebrews switched their allegiance to the mandrake root, praised by Solomon in the Song of Songs for insuring fertility. Called the drowsy drug by modern scientists because it figures in some sleeping pills, the mandrake was sought after for thousands of years.

One reason for its popularity was scarcity. Ancient folklore described the mandrake as difficult, if not downright dangerous, to uproot. The sixteenth-century English mandrake hunter headed for the site of a former gallows, supposedly the favorite place for mandrake to grow. Then he loosed a dog to hunt out the root. Upon finding it, the dog traditionally barked like crazy and fell dead on the spot. Only then was it safe for the hunter's thickly gloved hand to touch the plant itself.

Another reason for mandrake's popularity was its similarity to the human body. Called a "forked radish" by that realist, Shakespeare, it took on male and female form when (Continued on page 40)

THE HELL GODDESS OF BLOODSTONE ISLAND

by JIM HALLORAN

I grabbed her arm and pulled her to the mouth of the cave. There were dugouts pulled up on the shore and already the almost naked savages were rummaging through the camp, checking the boat.



Only within the temple of love was it possible to find safety. For on the beach the natives were waiting to murder us!

UNCOVERING BODIES in caves is all in a day's work for an archeologist, but finding one that has uncovered itself is a bit unusual—especially the vibrantly-alive body of a beautiful young girl! But that's just what happened to me on Bloodstone Island, a tiny dot in the middle of the Pacific Ocean.

I had gone there early in 1958, to follow-up a theory I had about the mystery of the giant stone statues on Easter Island, some 400 miles away. Like many archeologists, I

had made a pilgrimage to Easter the summer before I graduated. All the next year back in college I tried to solve the ancient riddle of those huge faces—how they had been carved—how some of them had been moved as much as two miles from the quarry. Like the others, I pored over the old picture writing which nobody has been able to decipher. By the time graduation came, I thought I had a couple of clues and, sure that I was the only person ever to think of them, I made plans for my solitary voyage of discovery. (Continued on page 53)



The "witness" who so conveniently appears when you're in a compromising situation, can usually be persuaded not to talk, in exchange for cash.



How You Can Become A Blackmail Victim

by HENRY S. GALUS

The more average, ordinary, every-day sort of a guy you are, the better you look to the men who set up the racket!

PAUL H—STRAIGHTENED up with a long, low whistle. The gals, over on the next alley were stacked like a dream of love. He was so taken with the view that he didn't even hear the shouts of approval from his pal, as the ball he had just bowled sped right into the pocket, spilling all ten pins for a strike.

Frank, Paul's bowling partner turned to see what Paul was staring at. Now it was his turn to whistle. "Do you see what I see," he remarked in a voice that carried across the length of the room.

The girls turned to the two fellows and flashed a pair of radiant smiles.

And that was all the encouragement Paul and Frank needed. Within five minutes, the two twosomes had become a foursome. Instruction, in basic bowling technique—among other things—was the order of the evening.

A couple of lines, and five beers later, the two couples left the alleys. Where they went, and what they did, can only be assumed.

Paul felt more than a little ashamed of himself as he made his way home, later that evening. He was wondering how he'd manage to cover up to his wife. But he needn't have worried. The patient little woman was not only completely uninterested in Paul's adventures, she was sleepy as well. As far as she was concerned, bowling and everything that went with it was just one of those peculiar interests that men sometimes have.

So, as the evening passed without question—and the next day and the next—Paul began to relax. The pick-up and its subsequent adventures faded into one of those extremely pleasant memories to be remembered in secret and blissful daydreams.

A month later, the memory had dimmed, and the event seemed like something out of the distant past. It was over, done with, finished.

So you can imagine Paul's surprise when one evening, not too long afterward, as he answered the telephone, he was greeted by a shocking reminder.

"Mr. H——?"

"Paul H—— speaking."

"Well, Mr. H——, this is a 'friend' of yours. No, you don't know me, but I know you."

"What the devil are you talking about?"

The caller laughed. "Remember that evening you went bowling—a couple of months ago? You were a naughty boy, Mr. H——a very naughty boy! Playing with another woman when you have such a pretty wife of your own. I'm ashamed of you."

Paul began to sweat. The telephone seemed slippery in his hands.

"Let me explain," the voice continued. "It seems, by accident, you understand, that I happen to have a few photographs. Very clear photographs. You'd be surprised how wonderfully well infra-red works in the dark. I'm sure you'd like to buy them. Or, if you wouldn't, perhaps your wife might be interested. Now, if you want to talk business..."

Paul was only too anxious to talk business. He was ready to do anything to keep his wife from seeing the evidence. For Paul really loved his wife. So, for the next two years, he found himself paying a steady fee to the enterprising photographer. And

if the blackmailer hadn't gotten so greedy as to demand an absolutely impossible payment, Paul still might be shelling out.

As it is, by the time he finally walked shamefacedly into the police station to report the crime, he had forked over something better than \$4000.

Unusual? One case in a million? Not at all. The single group who had bilked Paul—and Frank as well—were later found to have been working the same racket on no less than eighty-four men. And that was only a single ring—one that was caught.

Most of the extortionist's ilk unfortunately prowled uncaught, simply because their victims are afraid to report them. Hence, neither the FBI nor the police have figures approaching an accurate estimate of the dollar-draining, misery-breeding, and suicidal toll of the "silent crime." But authorities have good reason for suspecting it to be the third leading cause of unreported crimes, equal to some \$35,000,000 in huge annual payoffs. The opportunity for blackmailers begins with the almost universal tendency to step out of line. Today, tomorrow, or way back in your past, there may have been one such slip.

Guilt or shame is the outgrowth of some mistake, a minor crime, the slightest indiscretion. You've probably forgotten it or want to. That's all the extortionist needs: he knows that you will shield him for protecting you from harmful publicity.

MENTIONING TO A GROUP of friends at a recent dinner that I was compiling actual cases for this article, I found a junior factory executive willing to talk, since, apparently, his blackmailer had decided to abandon him over a year before.

John Jones, as we'll call the exec, had done what millions are apt to do at a New Year's party. "One too many" helped cloud his vision as he tried to pull out of a parking lot in the wee hours. He creased somebody's fender. The blue sedan looked like a friend's. Jones decided to wait until he and the friend were in better shape to adjudge the damage before advising him that he was responsible for the accident.

A phone call the next day produced a negative response. "My car, John? You must have clipped somebody else's." Jones shrugged. He had tried to be honest about it, hadn't he?

However, his "virtue" was not rewarded. Instead, he received an anonymous call, a week later. The caller also admitted the Plymouth wasn't his. "But I know whose it was," he added menacingly. It had been easy for him to trace addresses at the motor vehicle registry. "Your superiors at the factory will be tickled by the newspaper publicity. Imagine, drunken, hit-and-run driving! This thing could get you a court appearance and loss of license for at least a year . . . you know the law. Worst would be losing that promotion you're bucking for. I'm in a position to know."

Jones concluded, "I would have been stung with a \$100 fine, anyway, so I didn't mind stuffing that much under a loose tile in a men's room at the plant." What he did mind was the enforced repetition of the act five times in as many months. "I tried to catch the culprit, (Continued on page 70)

FUN IN



THE FERNS

*There's something about the woods
that brings out the best in lovely
Maureen Frawley, an English import
into our luscious looks industry!*

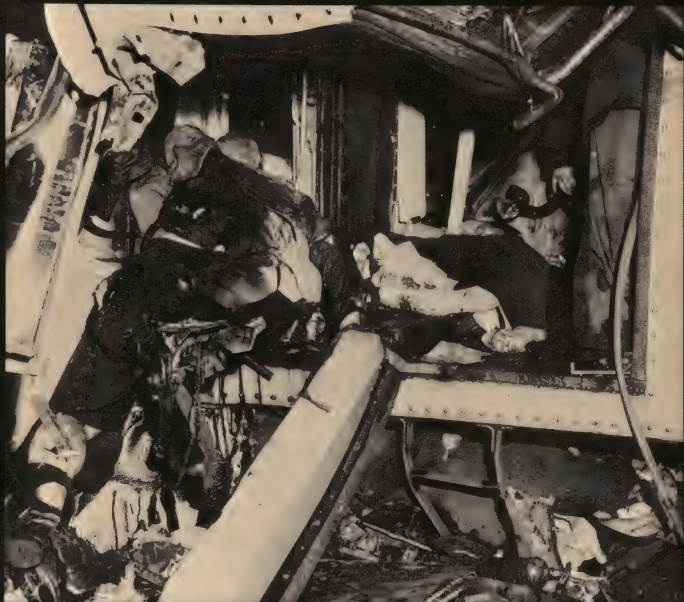


FUN IN THE FERNS

Dark eyes, dark hair and a love for a suntan mark out Maureen as someone worth watching. Her identification: 36-23-37 inches!







The fragile cars burst, exploding people as if they were bullets being shot from a gun. Some passengers were torn to pieces.

TRAIN RIDE

*There's no worse place than Bryn
Athyn in all of the United States
for two trains to crash head-on!*

by ADI-KENT THOMAS JEFFREY

AT 7:35 ON THE morning of December 5, 1921, Clarence Shull was climbing aboard the Reading Railroad's morning local rumbling out of the dawn-grey station at Foxchase, suburban Philadelphia, headed towards Southampton, in Bucks County. The conductor swayed down the narrow aisle of the old-style wooden car. The gas



Bodies ended up in oddest places, many being shot into the roof. One woman was propelled to the top of cliff.

TO ETERNITY

lamps, suspended from the tin roof, shook slightly, moving in rhythm to every movement of the jolting train.

"How're you Charlie?" Shull said as he showed his ticket. The conductor, Charles Evans, nodded. He'd been employed on the Reading so long, that he could punch a ticket, murmur a greeting, watch the block signals, and signal the engineman almost simultaneously.

"It's going to be rough going today," he mumbled as his eyes followed a road cross-

ing as it flicked past. Heavy snow was piled high as a result of an overnight storm.

A voice from behind Shull chimed in.

"You said it Charlie. I couldn't even get my tin Lizzie to give out with so much as a groan this morning." The man laughed and commenced to drum his fingertips on his lunch box.

"Say, Charlie," he continued, "what happened to the milk train this morning? It didn't pass us at Foxchase."

"Nope." The

(Continued on page 62)

HOUSE OF VALENTINE

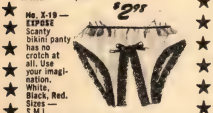
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IMPROVE YOUR LOVEPOWER (Continued from page 29)

viewed with squinting eyes and a generous helping of medieval imagination.

When the elusive root fell into short supply, con men took over, substituting the more easily obtainable bryony. They carved it to whatever shape was moving well that season and poked a few seeds of millet here and there to send up sprouts that looked like hair.

Many other love foods enjoyed their reputation because they looked so much like sexual organs. Oysters, the first course in many French *petit soupers*, reminded many people of women's genitals. Another staple of the love cuisine (and also a popular flavoring in children's cookies), vanilla is the Spanish nickname for vaine, a version of the Latin vagina.

On the male side, there's the innocuous, if expensive, orchid. The Greeks treasured the roots for their resemblance to testicles, christening them "dog stones." (Today orchis is the prefix in words describing diseases of the testicles.) Generally serve in a goat's-milk toddy, orchis root allegedly spurred the Syrian court of Antiochus to "offer 70 uninterrupted sacrifices to Venus."

Another Greek, and later Roman, standby was satyrior, a tea brewed from the roots of saleg. Petronius describes a man after a swig of the stuff. "Stirring every fiber to lasciviousness, he began to perform vigorously on Quartilla while she, fired with like wantonness, showed no repugnance to the game."

OPERATING ON THE THEORY that like stirred like, the Greeks worked out a crude organotherapy, taking the potent parts of an animal to make the equivalent human part potent. One of the favorite stimulants was hippomanes, a secretion taken from the vulva of a mare in heat. Other goodies included deer sperm, wolf penis, and assorted testicles. (Even today some butchers take "fries" home to be fried.)

The medieval lover could choose from an even wider, and even more nauseating, selection. Magical preparations called for human and poultry excrement, portions of dead bodies, bull urine, donkey penis, sparrow blood and brain, vaginal secretions of sow. In his *Breviary of Love*, Pierre Mora gave the following recipe:

Capture a living toad. On Friday before the rising sun, at the hour of Venus, hang it by its hind legs in a flue. Pulverise it dry, wrap it in paper, place for three days under an altar and fetch it on the third. If the mass is read on this altar, then it will make all the women run after you."

Europeans were not alone in court-

ing agreeable reflexes. Africans in the know stewed the bark of the yohimbe tree to produce an aphrodisiac that withered sexual indifference. In its distilled form, yohimbe rates as a useful remedy among modern physicians.

The Indian pursuit of sexual happiness led to the development of many love recipes. Most required milk and honey, one using this as the base of a ram testicle ragout.

Chinese amatory preparations show greater subtlety. Long before Western physicians realized the stimulating properties of phosphorus and salt, the Chinese tucked them into a gummy syrup of honey, saffron, cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves, and the birds'-nest soup, beloved of mandarins, is concocted of seaweed held together by fish sperm, a rich source of phosphorus. But that was far from the last in the Chinese bag of tricks. Opium not only produced bliss, it hastened erections. Sadly, opium addicts grew fonder of the pipe than of women and eventually became impotent.

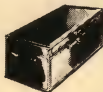
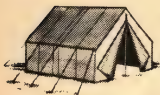
Common to all Oriental students of sex was the notion of a nourishing and varied diet, an idea that European travelers took back with them. Thanks to a post-Crusades prosperity that trickled down to artisans and peasants, and spices that preserved food for longer periods, meat was no longer a luxury for the rich alone. Such new fruits and vegetables as potatoes, tomatoes and peaches appeared on European menus. Meat and alcohol consumption spurred upward. With beef and beer came a boisterous sex life. So intimately were the three connected in the public mind that eighteenth century brothels were virtual restaurants.

At the same time there came into wide use Spanish fly, also known as cantharides or blister beetle. Common to Italy, France, Hungary and parts of Asia, this pretty cerulean blue insect fed on roses and leaves, hinting of its nature only by its sulphurous smell. Once its corpse is ground up, it excites the reproductive and urinary organs. Applied as an ointment to the penis, it sends blood rushing to the surface and produces a serum that leads to a huge blister. Taken internally, moderate doses treat kidney disorders. Large amounts produce pain and retching. Men experience an enormous erection and bloody urine. Women feel an overwhelming urge for intercourse. For man or woman, one result may be death.

IT WAS SPANISH FLY that started the Marquis de Sade on a career of perversion in pre-Rev-

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lutionary France. Visiting a Mar-seilles brothel, he first treated three girls to drinks, then had his valet offer round bonbons loaded down with blister beetle. The bonbons went to work, and soon the women rolled about in agony. Their loud screams drew people from nearby streets. One girl crashed through the window and landed, somewhat broken, on the pavement. Two other died of internal burns. (Since this was pre-Revolutionary France, the valet went to the guillotine, and the marquis got off with fines and a prison term.)

Smaller doses of Spanish flippant slipped into food figured in many practical jokes of the eighteenth century, but gentler times brought gentler tastes. The same ends, it was thought, could be obtained by less drastic means. Then the true cookery of love sprang into being.

While men soon saw that "candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker," they also realized that this was true only to the point where it freed a girl's inhibitions. Beyond that point, the girl might pass out. And while liquor added to a man's confidence in the early stages, it fostered impotence in the later ones. To paraphrase a sweeping statement, luses are lousy lovers.

But back to the Nash couplet, candy really isn't dandy at all (unless it's chocolate). Nor, according to Casanovas in the kitchen, is any starchy food. Instead they champion meat, fish, eggs, vegetables and spices.

Pro-onion men have been around since the Hebrews, and everyone from the Greeks has starred garlic on the love menu. In fact, Dr. William J. Robinson, of New York's Bronx Hospital, once prescribed garlic for frigidity. The same vegetable, crushed with lard, also makes a nifty, if smelly and slippery, penis ointment, according to Big Men around Boudoirs.

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ulants, fish has won admiration for generations and over several continents. One story tells about the sultan who wanted to test the continence of two dervishes. First he had them fed meat for a week. The he presented them with two odalisques of overwhelming beauty. They were able to resist. Then the sultan switched their diet to fish. Once again the odalisques were presented. The two dervishes succumbed immediately.

FISH OR FOWL, how does the "eat-to-keep frisky" school impress the medical profession? Their reaction can be summed up in one word, Baloney. Most foods, they say, contain no aphrodisiacs at all. Others, like coffee, tea, bromides, and limes, actually quiet desire. True, foods like fish and asparagus contain phosphorous and other salts that stimulate the genito-urinary tract, but these salts occur in such small amounts that they cannot handle serious male sex problems.

As doctors see it, food never stimulates desire directly. A well-prepared meal of subtly seasoned dishes pleases the eye, the nose and the

tongue. This triple-barreled approach ushers in a state of general good feeling that may smooth the approach to sex. Go easy on second helpings, though. Too much of a good thing can put your sweetheart to sleep.

But what about true aphrodisiacs—Cantharides, yohimbe, hashish, ginseng and marijuana? Doctors say none can be used without possible danger. Overdoses can cause a dangerous drug habit, inflammations, nervous disorders, or in extreme cases, death. At these prices, sex is just too expensive.

More likely methods of achieving sexual potency include such everyday hygiene measures as adequate sleep, rest, exercise and balanced diet, all carried out by an individual free of any crippling emotional defects.

But Ovid said the final word on aphrodisiacs almost 2,000 years ago: "In vain are the hippomanes torn from a young mare offered; in vain the herbs of Medea; in vain the magic charms of the Marsian; nothing can produce or retain love but love itself."

MATE EXCHANGE SOCIETY (Continued from page 19)

the idea of sex that bothered me, since I wasn't jealous, but rather that it was the idea that she was pulling a fast one on me. I finished up by saying that if she'd only come to me like an honest woman and admit that she wanted something extra on the side, I'd be more than happy to say, "OK, honey, you go out and get yours; I'll go out and get mine and we'll both be happy."

One of the guys laughed and said, "ain't it the truth," but they left it at that for the time being. I was pretty sure they were going to get together by themselves and discuss our case further, privately, before coming up with an open bid.

I was even surer of my diagnosis when Janet reported that the women had approached her with the same kind of questions. She, of course, by pre-arrangement, had given very similar answers to mine.

Evidently they had a meeting over the weekend, because after work on Monday, both the men and the two girls who worked in the plant, invited Janet and me out for beer and a snack after the shift ended. They carefully picked a table right at the back of the tavern where there was no likelihood of our being overheard or disturbed.

We had a couple of beers when one of the men put down his glass and looked at us. We could see the sudden interest and intensity of the whole bunch.

"You two seem like a nice couple of kids," he began, "and from the things you've said I think both of you

might be interested in a little club we've got."

"Hey, sounds good," I answered expansively. "You're nice folks and if you've got any kind of a group going, we'd love to be a part of it. What kind of club is it? Dancing? Bowling? Camping? Poker?"

"It's not like that," the fellow continued. "You kids ever hear of sex?"

"Sex?" I said, trying to look puzzled and mystified. "What are you talking about? We're not a bunch of kids. We're all married. What do you need a sex club for?"

One of the women laughed. "Boy, are you two naive babies," she broke in. "Don't you ever get an urge to try something new? Well that's what we've got. It's a swapping club. We meet every week and all the fellows and girls switch husbands and wives and get a chance to find out how other folks live."

"Swapping!" Janet exploded. "You mean you've really got a swapping club. I've read about those things. But I never knew they actually existed." She looked around the group thoughtfully, her eyes sparkling with interest.

THE REST OF THEM noticed that while she'd been surprised she hadn't said anything about being disturbed at the idea. Several of them looked at each other and nodded. "Then you find it interesting," one of them said.

She laughed. "Who wouldn't find it interesting. How does it work? What do you do?"

"Hold on. Hold on," one of the men said. "If you join we'll explain everything. If you don't, well, I guess we wouldn't want to say. So it's up to you. You seem like the kind of people we'd like to have joining us. What do you say?"

"Look, fellows," I said. "This is kind of sudden. But before we do anything definite, would you mind if we sort of talked it over privately for a couple of minutes. It's kind of hard to really get each other's ideas in public."

"Sure. Take your time," they told us.

Janet and I went over to another table and began making like a couple in serious discussion. We dragged it out for about ten minutes. Then we stood up decisively, walked back to the rest of the group. I held out my hand to the man who had appeared to be their main spokesman.

"OK," I announced. "We'd like to join. We've talked it over and we both agree that it seems like a lot of fun."

Our initiation into the group was set for Friday evening. As they explained it, that gave everyone plenty of time to have fun over the long, work-free period without having any job pressure to limit the extent of pleasure. We were told to arrive at the meeting place, the home of one of the member couples, between nine-thirty and ten. In the interim, some one laughingly suggested that we study a good sex book.

We timed our arrival promptly. We wanted to give the proper impression of eagerness. But actually, we were eager. This was what we'd been working for, to make contact with the group and to gather complete evidence of their operation, from beginning to end, with the fullest possible details.

It was a typical enough house, frame, shingled, painted green and white, neat, clean and located in a rather quiet street. Certainly it was hardly the location we'd have thought of as appropriate for such goings on.

There were about five or six couples present when we arrived, but in the course of the next half hour, while our hosts passed around sandwiches and drinks, another half dozen or so pairs showed up. We knew those who worked in the bottling plant, but the others were strangers to us, and we were totally surprised when we were introduced. A doctor and his wife were there, two rather well-known business men and their wives, and a couple who were rather highly publicized in local society.

When we remarked on the odd grouping, it was explained that once the club had started, people who were interested naturally gravitated to it without regard to social or financial position. It was a perfect

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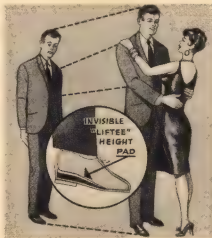
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example of democracy at work.

It was about a quarter past ten when the host rapped an ashtray on the table to get everyone's attention and suggested that it was time to get started. Immediately, everyone started stripping off their clothing. We just stood there open-mouthed for a moment, until someone remarked that we wouldn't accomplish anything with our clothes on. I looked at Janet and she nodded. We started removing our own clothes.

It was exciting, even to me, to be standing in that totally nude group. I couldn't help but drink in the sight of all those women. But I was especially interested in Janet. I'd met her before and admired her. But since I had my own wife and she was also married, there had been no opportunity for anything but pleasant day-dreaming. One doesn't take chances on the Special Squad. But now I didn't have to wonder any more. There she was, looking as attractive as I'd imagined her. Then the irony of it struck me. I still wasn't going to get a chance with her. I was there to swap her off, not to have her myself!

Not that the other girls were bad, by any means. There were at least three of them whom I'd describe as solidly healthy specimens of female construction. I might be gathering evidence but I didn't recall any department rule about not enjoying myself while I did. It was a promising thought.

THE METHOD OF PICKING our first partners was simplicity itself. We were auctioned off to the highest bidders, the money going to the club treasury to pay for "supplies." And the bidding was quite spirited. I've got to admit, though, I felt a little disappointed; Janet went for thirty-seven dollars—I only brought in thirty-three!

My own first partner, while not one of the three I had first spotted, was a real revelation. She was a bit older, and somewhat heavier than ideal, but what she lacked in appearance she certainly made up for in spirit. She was as wild a wench as I've ever known in my life, and she went at me as if she hadn't been near a man in a year.

But if the beginning of the club session was simple and basic, it didn't stay that way very long. I thought I'd seen and heard of a lot in my years as an investigator, but I learned more that night than I ever would have believed possible.

The club, it appeared, had long since graduated from the simpler forms of swapping and sex. Combination exercises seemed to be the rule, in this advanced group. In twos and threes and fours, they—or should I say we—began to involve ourselves in weird but tremendously satisfying

contortions I still wonder how they managed to figure some of them out. Yet, their ability showed, for each was brought off with such ease that they almost seemed like the natural thing to do.

Periodically things quieted down as the couples upon finishing relaxed and rested. I noticed that at this point, no alcoholic beverages were served. I asked about that and was informed that liquor, while it seems to help at the beginning, definitely cuts down the endurance.

"Nothing wrong with drinking," he explained, "but we figure you can take your choice, either drink or sex. And if you want to choose whiskey, more fool you."

I had to agree. When it came to endurance, these folks quite evidently knew exactly what they were talking about.

To spice up the waiting periods, sex movies were shown. Some of them were merely the kind of stuff that can be seen at any stag show, but most were definitely far superior to that. Those latter were expert productions that served not only to warm up the spirits, but also showed us new things to try, new standards of performance to emulate. By the time a few reels were finished, everyone was in the proper mood to continue the main business of the evening.

I surprised myself that night. I was able to keep going so far longer than I'd ever done before that I could hardly believe that it was me. Maybe there is something to the idea of variety. It adds such a continual interest that one is constantly inspired to new and greater peaks of desire.

I had a chance to enjoy at least two of the girls I had first admired. And they turned out to be just as good, just as exciting, just as terrific partners as I could have hoped they would.

Both Janet and I were almost sorry when the evening drew to a close. It had been the night of a lifetime, and both of us knew it. And when I remarked to Janet that the one thing I had missed was an opportunity with her, she remarked, "Well, if you think you're man enough for one more, I don't suppose it'll ruin me any more than I am already."

So when we stopped off at the apartment we'd taken as a cover, I took her at her word. Tired as we both were, it was a wonderful finish to what had turned out to be a terrific night of fun.

We had gotten so friendly with the people in the club that it really hurt when we returned to the office the next day to fill out our reports and to prepare ourselves as witnesses for the State and County against the club members. But duty comes first. We had to do it.

The resulting case made headlines all over the three-state area when the story broke. The ensuing court trial brought everything out in the open. Though with the testimony that Janet and I gave, plus evidence discovered in the homes of the couples involved, the result was a foregone conclusion.

Yet despite the ultimate finding of guilty, public sympathy was not entirely on the side of the public position. Our office received thousands of letters protesting our action as an unwarranted invasion of privacy.

The court was lenient. There were no jail sentences, though fines in varying amounts were levied and the participants were put on good behavior for five years apiece.

What we accomplished, I don't know. For in the months since the case ended. We've been hearing rumors about numerous other swapping groups; so many in fact that it is impossible to check them all out—unless we were willing to stop fighting every other form of crime—an impossibility.

I'm still not sure, myself, what the answer ought to be. For, even from my own brief encounter, I could see that swapping can be exciting fun, and, for those suited to it, emotionally and morally, probably not harmful.

Still, I took an oath to uphold the law. And whether it's now, or any time in the future, that's exactly what I'm going to do. If the law were changed, that's another story. Maybe it will be one day. Till it is, all I can do, is remember

JAVA DEATH TRAP

(Continued from page 21)

were commanded and operated by a miscellany of characters from a Dutch admiral to an American chief boatswain's mate. That's when I tied in with Sea 1/c Joe Turner, 25, stationed near Soerabaja.

I first met the guy over the rear wheel of an ambulance. The Dutch meat wagon was sunk to the hubs in a jungle bog, and its driver, a gorgeous reheat with a body like a ripe melon, was helpless. I guess it was the woman that attracted me to Turner. Nobody can turn down a gal in distress, and I was no exception.

"Wanna hand, Mac?" I asked foolishly.

"Where the hell did you come from?" Turner countered.

"Separated from my outfit. What the hell's the difference," I growled. "Fashion's the name. Coast Artillery, 202nd, B-Battery."

"Turner. Base Force. Navy." He stretched out a dirty paw. "Now what the hell was that you said about getting this thing unbogged?"

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"Let's get some boards. Any damned thing that'll help give us traction—"

THE REDHEAD, a Dutch Navy nurse, leaned out of the chariot. I watched her skirt go halfway up her thigh.

"You've got two beautiful legs," I said. "Now get out of that ambulance and start walking on 'em. We need plenty of logs."

"Yes," she said eagerly. "My name is Sini Haccomb, soldier. I will help too—"

That was the introduction. Short and to the point. Briefly, as we scrounged around for timber, I wondered what the Navy guy and the good looking Dutch nurse were doing together. Then I stopped wondering and let some good common sense take over, for the way they looked at each other made it plain even to me.

The ambulance was pulled off the main road where, every few minutes, a stream of evacuees would pass. Europeans, natives, soldiers, sailors hurried along the one main route to safety. Momentary safety, that is. The Japs, using a pincer attack, were closing in from two sides. Ahead, lay the only possible escape, and it was here through the dead Javanese jungle that we intended to travel.

An American ambulance lurched down the jungle road and as it passed, the driver slammed down the brakes.

"Hey! You wanna hand?" I looked up and saw a smiling, busy blonde.

"Goddam right!" I snapped. "Got any boards?"

"No," the blonde retorted. "But I'm a master mechanic and I've got a jack—"

"Jack won't do no good, lady," I muttered. "Thanks, anyway."

The blonde wasn't about to be put off. She pulled her load off the road and climbed down. Then, as she walked closer, she let out a Martha Raye-type yell:

"Beat me, daddy, if it isn't Turner!"

I wheeled around in time to see my new-found friend grin from ear-to-ear:

"How's things, Betty Mae? I haven't seen you since I drew two months duty in the blasted hospital—"

"That's right," she hugged him. "What a cutup you were!"

The redhead shot her a glance—an angry glance.

"I'm Sini Haccomb," she said icily. "Any help will be appreciated, won't it, Turner?"

Joe Turner got the drift right away. Turning loose from the blonde, he said quietly:

"We're in a mess. We can leave the one load and take the other."

Then, at that moment, two of other women piled out of the interior of

the American ambulance. Both of them were Dutch nurses, young and exceptionally pretty. Turner took one look and shook his head.

"Well," he grinned at me, "it never rains but it pours, eh, buddy?"

I MIGHT'VE ANSWERED appropriately but for the distant sharp sound of shouting and popping guns. "Let's get the hell out of here, fast," I said simply. "Everybody in the ambulance—let's go!"

Long shadows slanted across the rutted jungle road. In a few minutes, our meat wagon caught up with a native convoy and we slowed down to pass. It was at that moment we heard the Javanese civilians yelling that a Jap infantry division was on our tail.

"Oh, Christ!" Betty Mae moaned, behind the wheel, but not taking her hands off it as we wove through the tight cordon of Javanese humanity.

"I shudder to think what'll happen if they catch this load of beauties—"

"Don't!" I growled. "Don't think about it, just drive."

Turner and the three other women rode in the back. The Navy man must've overheard the conversation, because he stuck his head through the partition.

"Listen," he said grimly, "this wagon's loaded with grenades. There's a couple of Brownings and one tommy gun. If they catch up to us, they'll pay plenty before they polish us off."

"Keep your mouth shut," I snapped. "You start talking like that and those dames'll panic."

The Navy man got the point and withdrew.

Technically, both Turner and I were junior in rank to the women. And technically, Betty Mae Oliver was senior to us all. She was a full lieutenant, about 28, and according to Turner, just about the last thing in a nurse, under normal circumstances. Only these weren't normal circumstances, and Betty Mae seemed to me like any other thoroughly scared female. Although she refused to let me drive, she pressed her free hand into mine and kept muttering, "Christ! You better be good with that tommy gun, Fan-shion. I hear they do some awful things to women—"

In the back of the ambulance, in addition to Turner and Haccomb, were the Dutch equivalent of Ensigns: Nurse Henrietta Scheon and Catharine Aarnst. I kept wondering how the Navy man's dame got along with the newcomers. Apparently well, because there was no sound of trouble. We bounced along for about five miles when the front left tire blew. Betty Mae squealed to a stop.

"All out," I yelled back. "We're not about to go anywhere for a while."

"What gives?" Turner asked.

"Tire," I muttered. "There's a

spare back there. Let's get with it, boy—"

ALTHOUGH WE MANAGED to change the tire in short order, it was fast becoming dark. Somebody suggested we pull the ambulance off the road and cover it with camouflage. Then we'd break out some canned stuff in the rear and build a small fire. The Navy man was all for it and I guessed the rest were too. I was for pressing on, but in the face of the potential opposition, I just resigned myself to the inevitable and started scrounging around for dead bushes.

In about fifteen minutes, the ambulance was buried under a ton of bushes, off the 'road' and a small fire was going. Turner sat with the three women, his redhead and the other Dutchies, while I had my newfound Navy gal to keep me warm. It was dark at seven when we broke up from the meal and started to bed down for the night. No sound of Japanese came from ahead or behind.

"I think we've got it pretty good," Turner said earnestly. "If they're behind us, they're a long way behind. A few hours of shut eye and we can tool this load in the moonlight. There'll be a full one tonight."

"You wanna take a chance and drive at night?"

"Why not?" he shrugged. "Can you think of a better way to beat those bastards?"

He had a point.

Between the darkness and the driving, however, there were a good three hours. A lot happened in that time. For one thing, I started getting chummy with Betty Mae Oliver. I'd gone a long time without a woman, except native jobs, and Betty Mae was a unique experience. We'd sort of drifted off from the rest, presumably to find some stuff to make a bed. We both stooped for the same kindling, bumping, and straightening out together. She giggled:

"If you want a girl, Fanshion, you don't have to hit her over the head!"

I just grabbed her.

Betty unbuttoned her blouse and then wrapped her body around me, not speaking, not doing anything but taking advantage of the last moments we'd probably have on this earth.

"Love me," she whispered softly.

"Love me a lot, soldier."

I did. It came easy . . .

We were stretched out in the jungle softness, lying there, staring at the moon that appeared about 10 o'clock. She rolled over to me and said:

"I suppose we ought to get back. They'll be thinking things—"

"Not that Turner. I'll bet he's busy with that readhead right now."

"Maybe," she shrugged, "but I think we'd better get going."

"Okay," I reluctantly agreed. "Up we go—"



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I GRABBED HER HAND and hauled. At that precise moment, from a point not too distant, we heard blood-curdling shrieking. Wild, frantic, agonized shrieking. We both lunged into the darkness toward our camp. It was still there when we pulled up breathlessly a few moments later, but Turner's redhead wasn't.

"I was talking to one of the girls. I guess she misunderstood because she stalked off," Turner feverishly explained. Beside him were two Dutch nurses, each looking more frightened than the other.

"You women stay here. Don't move except to hide, and don't go too damned far to hide. Turner and I'll take a look."

"Here," Turner raced around to the back of the ambulance. "Here's a couple of grenades and a rifle—"

"Let's go," I grunted, listening again to the awful screaming coming incoherently from far back in the jungle. "Let's go—fast!"

Racing through the moonlit jungle along a single-width deer trail, Turner in the rear, we followed the sound of Sini Haccomb's ear-splitting screams for perhaps fifteen minutes. Then the sound stopped and so did we. Neither Turner nor I spoke. Sweat was pouring down my face and back, as I crouched on my haunches listening intently. Turner stood there like a post, sweat glistening on his handsome face.

"She's around here so—" he started to say as the moaning sound began. Turner's arm jerked upward.

"There—back there!"

"Let's go!" I growled, and we moved closer. But this time it was not at a dead run. It was slow and easy.

As the trail began to widen at this point, we came upon a grassy plateau. The girl's sobbing came from behind a large tree. In the moonlight two Javanese natives were silhouetted above her prostrate form.

"Refugees!" I snapped. "Why the hell are they working her over—"

"I dunno," Turner said between his teeth, "but I aim to find out right now!"

Slowly, cautiously, we worked our way down to a point fifteen feet from the two men. Then Turner said softly:

"*Alto! Prienga ban, tupan!*"

The two men wheeled, terrified. I watched the expression of the beefier guy. He was buttoning his pants.

"Okay, Turner. It ain't a mystery any more. She's your girl. You give the word," I said softly.

We moved to the side of the prostrate, unconscious figure. Sini Haccomb was stripped, naked, spread wide apart and apparently a victim of repeated raping. One man was about 25, the beefy guy about 40. They were scared now, scared good. Turner didn't say but one thing:

"She alive, Fanshion? These pigs kill her?"

"She's alive."

"They must've played hell with her. There's welts all over her legs, Fanshion!"

Then I saw the bamboo strips lying at the men's feet.

"With these. They raped and beat her."

TURNER'S VOICE was almost a whisper. The two Javanese natives were poised above her, with their hands elevated. Turner said:

"Keep these bastards covered. I wanna look at her myself."

He knelt beside the unconscious girl, examining every bloody inch of her naked torso. When finished, the sailor motioned to the two natives to lie down on the ground. Turner said nothing. He pulled his sheath knife and started with the beefy guy. Suddenly his right hand flicked out and the gleaming blade buried itself to the hilt in the native's stomach.

The Javanese let out a shriek as blood cascaded down his legs. Then Turner took the knife by the handle as if to pull the blade out, but suddenly jerked it upward, splitting the man to his wishbone. Then he pulled the knife out and stared at his handiwork. It was sickening, but it was right. But it was at that moment that the second guy took off. I'd never seen a man leap straight up before and take off on a dead run, yet that's exactly what happened. The guy got about thirty yards when Turner's arm flicked out straight and the knife soared through the night, burying itself in the bare back of the Javanese rapist.

Turner strode over to the groveling victim, pulled the knife and calmly, slowly, slit the man's throat.

"That'll do you in lieu of a firing squad," he said unemotionally. He walked back to the beefy guy and grabbed his hair with his left hand, jerking the man's head back. Then the steel glided downward again, and another throat was cut.

"Let's go." He lifted the nude girl in a fireman's carry. "These two will croak before long. She needs attention."

"I'll grab her clothes."

That was the wrong word for it. They'd ripped the garments right off her. Her uniform was little more than rags now. But at any rate, I collected everything and we moved off from the bloody bodies of the Javanese rapists. Twenty minutes later, the three other nurses were administering excellent treatment to the victim. She was washed and cared for with all the tenderness and mercy at a nurse's disposal. After a long while, Betty Mae muttered:

"She'll live. The poor kid got a good working over. What did Turner do to those beasts?"

"What the hell do you think?" I said. "They're dead—the hard way." "I hope he took his time," she said fiercely. "They almost finished that poor girl!" "He did," I answered truthfully. "He used a knife."

THERE WAS NO MORE to the night other than its accompanying jungle sounds, and the awful sobs of Sini Haccomb as consciousness returned. I slept beside Betty Mae, across from the two Dutch girls, who were more frightened than ever. And it made sense from their standpoint. Not only were there Japs, but the very people they were defending—some few of them—were liable to show an ugly side. Ugly, hell! Downright murderous was more like it.

About three in the morning, Turner nudged me awake. Then the others. The fire was almost out and Turner was stamping on the last glowing coals.

"No sense telling the bastards where we started from," he said softly. "Let's go, soldier. Let's get this damned show on the road."

"Same destination?" "What else," he answered. "Far as we know, that's the one place the Japs ain't—"

That was true. Between our starting point and our destination, though, Japanese parachutists had

dropped in, and during the night a pincer movement had begun midway between us and our sanctuary. We knew nothing of it of course, but much later as the sound of gunfire approached along the road, we learned the unpalatable truth.

"Hey, buddy boy!" Turner shoved his head up forward. "Did you hear the sound of gunfire? Notice the conspicuous absence of traffic along this co-called road?"

"Roger to both," I frowned. Turning to Betty Mae, I whispered softly, "We'd better pull this load off the ruts. I think there's something fishy—"

She nodded and swung the wheel. The meat wagon pitched and bounced down a grade into a barren, flat strip.

"Here's good enough," I said. "Everybody out."

Once outside, I gathered the little group beside me and told them that something damned suspicious was happening ahead. I told Turner to fill a couple of bandoliers of grenades, and to leave the rest and all but two guns for the girls.

"You and I," I said, "will look around and maybe scout a mile beyond this place."

Betty Mae was the eldest female. She was also the stubbornest.

"I'm going with you, Fanshion. It took me long enough to find you. I'd just as leave die by your side,"

she said firmly.

"I said you're staying here. Now you stay!" I insisted.

"Nuts to that," she smiled, grabbing a Browning. "Girls, wait here till we return. That's an order..."

SO IT WAS, and she made it stick. Whether or not I liked it, Betty Mae was in our scouting party, walking stealthily ahead like she knew what she was doing. Finally, Turner couldn't take it any more and pushed his way forward.

"You in the middle so you won't get hurt," he snapped. "And that's an order too."

Betty Mae looked to me for solace, but I refused to back her play. She was, as events proved, safe enough in the middle. The leader of the column was destined for a bullet. But it didn't come just then. It came about an hour later, as we were backtracking silently, following a moonlit path along a bog that extended for miles to the north.

Suddenly Turner held up his hand. He stopped dead in his tracks and pointed to a tree. We all froze then, Betty Mae emitting a sort of choked up scream as her eyes focused on the terrible sight ahead.

"I hope they're dead!" Turner muttered. "Let's go see."

He led the way slowly toward an immense mangrove tree, from which were suspended three bodies: a young

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boy and two girls about 20.
"Javanese," he muttered. "Somebody got to them good, but who the hell was it?"

I saw the answer lying in some bushes. Samurai sword. Evidently the Jap had lost it as whoever did the damage was departing. The sword lay deep in the fronds, and only the moonlight shining on the blade revealed its presence.

"They must've been here hours ago, before the moonlight," I said softly. "That means there's a lot of 'em and they're all around."

It did, exactly.
"Oh, Crimminy!" Betty Mae sucked in her breath. "Look at those poor gals!"

Turner and I stared in silence at three bodies hacked to ribbons, bruised and now gathering flies at their pooling blood. The boy was as bad off as the girls. He had been castrated, and the private parts stuffed in his mouth. His eyes had been gouged out. His back was in ribbons, evidently hacked by the torturer's sword. The girls had no breasts. The four appendages were lying on the floor of the jungle where the Jap's sword had blopped them. The three had apparently been tortured at length, for their bodies were covered with terrible lacerations and bruises.

"They were raped," Betty Mae choked back a sigh as we cut the trio down. "They were raped and strung up."

"How do you know?" I asked naively.

She shot me a fast glance. "I ought to know. After all, I've seen hundreds of these poor things in my lifetime."

I didn't press the issue. Turner started gathering some bushes to cover the corpses. We helped and in a few minutes the three were 'buried' safe from the flies and insects of the Javanese jungle. It was at this moment that we all heard the simultaneous rumble of Jap tanks, some Godawful shrieks and a trench mortar and some grenades going off.

"That's our bunch. The girls are in trouble!" Turner growled. "Let's get going."

HE STARTED TO LEAD the way. About ten feet from where he started, a Jap sniper's bullet caught him in the gut. As he fell, writhing soundlessly, I leaned down and grabbed him in a fireman's carry and started to run. Betty Mae led the way carrying the guns. The more we ran, the more the sniper was inspired to shoot, but he never hit anything after the one shot.

Instead of the main road, we stuck to our deer trail and, an eternity later, emerged behind the flaming ambulance. The three Dutch girls were huddled together beside the burning truck. Then, with Betty Mae

leading the way, the two of us piled into the defile with Turner's body. He was still alive, but going fast. I placed him in a stretcher beside the redhead, who by now was coming around, and told one of the other nurses to do her stuff. She responded by dashing around to the interior of the burning meat wagon and getting the plasma.

"Jap mortar," Henrietta Schoen growled. "It just came at us out of the dark."

The girls had a pile of grenades beside them. I grabbed the tommy gun and ran a few feet toward the foot of the little mound of earth that screened us from the road. Ordering them to pile the grenades beside them, I turned around to stare in the growing dawn.

"They'll hit us in force when it's light enough. You gals keep calm and do what you can for Turner. I'll stay here and watch—"

Curiously, the Japs didn't come ahead for some time. By then, Turner was almost dead, and the red-headed Dutch nurse was kneeling beside him, crying her eyes out. She'd faint from her own pain every so often, then abruptly rise up from a horizontal position and clutch her sailor. I kept thinking it was all going to be over anyway in a little while, so why in hell bother the poor thing!

About an hour after I'd ascended the mound, I heard Jap voices. It was getting light over the Javanese jungle. Green uniformed soldiers moved through the shadows on either side of the road, advancing cautiously. Then they stopped. I wondered why until I heard the tanks again, then realized that it was the light that had halted them. But now it was light enough to see and the tanks started coming through the jungles, a company of infantrymen behind them. I didn't pop off the gun, but merely looked around me at the blonde, Betty Mae, and winked.

"Keep up your courage, ladies. Here come the bastards—"

The American and the two Dutchies looked mighty brave as they waited for death. I kept thinking as the green uniforms grew steadily into focus and the banzaïs started, that I'd turn the tommy gun on them myself rather than have the girls fall into the hands of the Japs. I guess I was really thinking about it when the first Jap face appeared close enough to shoot.

"Here it is, you lousy monkeys!" I bellowed, ripping off a long burst on the machine gun. "Come ahead—"

THEY CAME. Slowly, ineluctably, they came behind the three tanks. Japs. Everywhere I looked there were Japs. I squeezed the trigger and left my hand there as screaming, whirling Jap infantry men

crumpled to the ground amid my wild spraying. I watched three men pitch forward on their bloody faces, crawling to get at the mound. Then I shot the mouth off one monkey trying to pull the pin from a grenade.

The tanks were about thirty yards to the foreground when Betty Mae's sudden scream echoed beside the ambulance. I whirled. The blonde held a pineapple in one fist, staring at it with a bug-eyed, terrified expression on her pretty face.

"It's better to die! It's better to die!" she was screaming.

Maybe she had a point, but I'll never know. The tommy gun roared and danced in my hands as bodies fell grotesquely into the thick Javanese jungle a few yards off to the side. The tanks were beginning to fire and rush down the declivity, when they suddenly stopped and reversed themselves! I kept wondering what the hell I was dreaming as the Japs scattered like chips in a high wind.

Roaring from the rear, all cannons belching livid tongues of fire, all machine guns chattering, came the first of a dozen British Mathildas. Amazed, stupefied and grateful enough to jump aboard the lead tank and pump the hand of the guy

standing in the turret, I watched the tank halt parallel to our beleaguered bivouac. The ambulance was almost entirely burned out by now.

"Come aboard, Yank!" the lefty in charge shouted. "I'll send my men for your wounded."

I came aboard, but only after the others were hoisted aboard. From then on, it was a non-stop to Bandoeng. In the tank, Turner and his redhead, Sini Haccumb, both died. In the tank, the two Dutch nurses Schoen and Aarnst fell into a deep semicomatose sleep. And in the tank I kissed my full lieutenant, Betty Mae.

At Bandoeng, there was a moment for a brief farewell as the nurses joined the civvies in escape. It was a lousy moment, a bitter one for everybody, and particularly me. I wound up in the Mathilda fighting Japs until there was no more fighting. Then I ended the rest of the war in a POW camp.

Betty Mae? She got back to the States after a while. She waited about three years for me, and then met a fly boy. I can't say that I blamed her, really. What we had was good for one night, a memory that stays with a guy for a long time. But not forever.

No love affair lasts that long. ●

HELL GODDESS (Continued from page 31)

My theory was similar to that which Thor Heyerdal set forth in his book, *Kon Tiki*, but on a much smaller scale. I was determined to trace the path the ancient civilization had followed when it left Easter Island. To me, the great statues and the hieroglyphics were road signs pointing the way, though I was damned if I knew just which direction it was. Taking Easter Island itself (or *Rapa Nui* as the few inhabitants call it) as a center, I reasoned that a huge, slow eddy must fan out around it, which would carry a heavy, small-sailed craft in a course away from that of the prevailing winds. This much I was sure I had established from the strange pictures and the direction toward which the largest group of stone faces peered out to sea.

I bought an old life boat, fitted it with a short mast and sail, and stocked it with supplies. With it aboard, I booked passage on a tramp freighter from San Francisco in June, 1958. The captain, Timothy Starnet, had agreed to swing far enough off course to drop me at Easter Island. From there I would begin my half-sailing, half-drifting voyage.

And so, one morning in August, I found myself squinting through a dawn mist at the dim shape of Bloodstone Island. Of course, it wasn't until after I found the large outcroppings of chalcodony that I so named it. Because of the red spots in its translucent greenness, that variety of quartz is often called bloodstone. I liked the name—it rang of pirates and buried treasure.

I made my landfall late in the afternoon, still letting the bulky boat have its head before the wind. I hadn't changed sail or touched the tiller all the way from Easter Island, but I had come in directly on course to enter a small bay just as though I had carefully plotted it on paper. This seemed a good omen to me, and I was eager to get ashore and start my explorations.

By the time I got the boat beached and camp set up, the sun was low on the western horizon. There wouldn't be time for much looking around. I knew that darkness would come on suddenly, like a drawn curtain. I was preparing some food just as the last rays of sun touched the top of the sharp cliff that came down to the bay. I stood and watched it. Suddenly, a brilliant flash of light glared into my eyes. It lasted only an instant, then was gone as the sun sank into the Pacific.

RESTED WELL THAT night and woke early the next morning. After a quick breakfast, I set out to climb to the top of the cliff. It was far too steep for a direct assault, and I had to work my way up along the side. From the top of the cliff, I had a clear view of the entire island. It was about three miles in length, I judged, and perhaps a mile wide.

As I worked my way along the edge trying to find the exact spot from which the sun had been reflected into my eyes, I saw the first outcropping of chalcodony. A little further along the way I came upon more of it, and no-

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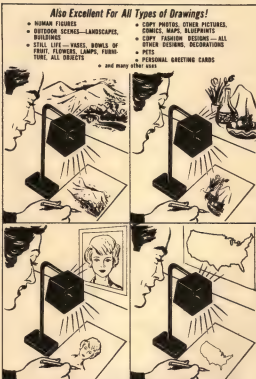
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ticed how brilliant its red spottings were. That's when I officially christened that tiny bit of land, "Bloodstone Island."

A few moments later I was following a narrow path along the face of the cliff, a walkway that apparently had been created by human hands. I was dizzy already at the thought of the sheer drop below me, but excitement at the discovery made me even dizzier. A few more careful steps took me around a corner. Twenty feet ahead of me, I saw the mouth of a cave!

The path didn't go all the way around, but stopped some three feet short of the entrance. It wasn't too far to jump; with an extra step or two for take-off from the path, I could make it easily. But I still didn't like the idea of all that empty space below me. The real problem would be how to get back again, once I had jumped across. The path became very narrow at the edge, and would offer only a minimum of landing room.

I stood there debating with myself, and had almost decided to go back to the beach for a rope and flashlight. Then I saw what appeared to be hieroglyphic, just inside the cave's entrance. Without another thought as to how I would get back, I leaped across the opening and was soon breathlessly entering the cave.

After letting my eyes become accustomed to the dim light, I saw that I was in a huge cavern. Gradually, I became aware of many objects around me—they looked like small tree trunks cut off two or three feet above the ground. As the forms became clearer, I felt my insides tighten with excitement.

The cave was filled with statues, some carved from the same soft stone as the giant Easter Island faces, others from chalcidony. I carried one of the smaller figures to the entrance, where I could examine it more closely in the light. It was an impish male, with leering expression to match its procreative position. The green tint and reddish splotches of the bloodstone made the figure appear like a Martian midget with a skin disease.

I put the figure back and brought another statue to the light. It was a woman, and despite the exaggeration of detail and crudity of design, it was extremely provocative. For a flashing moment I remembered that I hadn't seen a woman in almost three months.

There were many single figures of both sexes, plus several double ones of male and female clasped in embrace. The cave had apparently been a love temple of some kind, perhaps a staging ground for ancient fertility rites.

I could feel an indescribable tension building up, as though the priests and maidens were circling the statues. It almost seemed that a warm, sweet incense came in on the damp coolness blowing from the rear of the cave. I closed my eyes and breathed deeply, imagining myself back in that primitive world. Then I was struck sharply on the back of my head! A blinding red glow swam before my eyes—then the

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flashing pin-ball lights inside my brain went out and everything was black . . .

I CAME TO MUCH later, and a torch was flaming against the wall. I watched it dumbly, still in a semistupor, then noticed how its light flickered across the statues. My gaze stopped at the female figure I had carried to the entrance. It was facing toward me, arms wide in sensual invitation. Pain shrieked through my head then, and I groaned.

"You're awake," a voice said, echoing hollowly in the cave.

I sat up quickly and whirled around. A girl looked down at me, stared at me for what seemed a long time, then said quietly, "I'm sorry I hit you, but I couldn't tell. I didn't know who you were. At first I thought you were one of the natives."

I remained in my prone position, looking up at her in confusion. She brushed her long hair back with both hands, then became suddenly conscious of the tattered garment that had once been a dress, smoothing it awkwardly. "The natives," she repeated, tonelessly now, her eyes staring at me—almost through me—intensely. "They're savages—but they've never come up here before. They don't even know I'm here, at least I don't think so. When I saw you, I thought they had found out. That's why I hit you. I'm sorry."

My eyes had been following her hands. The dress did little for her in the way of modesty. More of her was exposed than was covered, but I had the feeling that she was more embarrassed for the unattractiveness of her attire than for its scantiness.

"What are you doing here?" I finally asked.

"I was on my honeymoon. It was nearly three years ago." She started to pull at her ear lobe, almost savagely. "They killed him—they killed my husband." Her voice was strangely impassive. Even in my bewilderment I wondered—had she forgotten in three years—was it bottled up within her . . . ?

Suddenly she knelt beside me. Her eyes were narrowed, glowing—like the bloodstone, I thought. Almost uncovered, her breasts were very near. Then her arms went around me and she pulled me close. I was leaning on one arm; the other I put around her and my hand pressed her bare back. She hesitated for an instant, started to move back. Then she moaned and came forward, kissing me hard.

It was a long kiss, a violent kiss, and her arms clung to me in frenzied abandon. She trembled, and the moist, hard floor of that cave was suddenly a billowing cloud that carried us upward, to the screaming blue sky and beyond . . .

Later—much later—she said softly, almost jokingly, "We were on our honeymoon when he was killed—can you imagine? And I was cooped up here with these . . ." She pointed to the grotesque statues, which glowed almost erotically in the torchlight.

I held her close then, and we talked

for a long time. Her name was Sandra Phillips, she told me, and she and her husband had come here on a 30-foot yawl. He, too, was an archaeologist, and had been intrigued by the Easter Island mystery. His plan was to spend a couple of years investigating all the islands within a 500-mile radius of Easter for traces of the vanished civilization. They had been on the island for a month—and married only seven—when a band of savage aborigines suddenly appeared on the beach and took their boat.

Despite Sandra's pleading, George Phillips had rushed down to the beach. She had watched from the top of the cliff and had seen him murdered. Then the natives had lit a huge bonfire and burned his body, to the accompaniment of much chanting and dancing. From time to time a man who seemed to be the leader had pointed up at the cave. Later, Sandra realized it must be a sacred place to them, so sacred that they could not set foot inside. They apparently didn't know that she was on the island, because after staying on the beach for two days, they sailed away in their dugout canoes, taking the yawl with them.

They had come back from time to time, Sandra said, and held their strange ceremonies on the beach. While they were there, she remained hidden in the cave. Other times she roved around a bit, but never very far, for fear they might be somewhere on the island. As a matter of fact, there was a group of them on the other side of the island now—she said—that's why she had thought I was one of them.

FIRST I MERELY nodded, genuinely moved by her story. Then the last thing she had said came back to my mind—the natives were on the island now! My boat was our only means of escape—perhaps they had already seen it . . .

I grabbed her by the arm and pulled her to the mouth of the cave. There were four dugouts pulled up on the shore—already the almost naked savages were rummaging through my camp and clambering in and out of the boat.

Sandra began to sob. "I'll never get away from here!"

"No—we still have a chance." I pulled her to me and kissed her gently, then held her away from me. "We have to do something—now," I said.

"Do you have a gun?" Sandra asked.

"I have a rifle I brought along in case I had to hunt for game," I said, "but it's in the boat. Are you sure these are the same natives?"

"Of course," she said, almost angrily, and her eyes filled with tears. "I saw them kill George . . ."

"All right," I told her. "There's only one thing that'll work—maybe. If this is a sacred place to them—as sacred as you say—it just might take them by surprise long enough for us to get away. Are you game to try it?"

"I'll try anything," she answered quickly, "Anything to get away from this horrible place!"

I selected the largest statue that I

was able to carry, stuffed one of the small figures in my pocket, and with this burden we left the cave by a rear entrance to which Sandra led the way. Circling wide around the hill, we came near the beach from the eastern side. Already the natives were piling up wood for the fire. The boat had been pulled down into the water and was almost afloat, but no one was near it.

I crawled forward cautiously and set the statue between two trees, where it would be visible from the boat. Then I whispered to Sandra, "Surprise is our only chance. I'll try the little one on them first. If that doesn't work, this one should. I only hope the rifle is still in the forward locker. From here, it doesn't look as though they've opened it."

"What do we do now," she asked. "Run for it?"

"No—I'll walk slowly, carrying the little statue high in the air. You're going to have to dance around—I mean assume poses like some of those goddesses up in the cave." I paused, because I didn't know quite how to say what I wanted to. "Sandra—you'll have to be pretty damn—well, lewd—if you're going to be convincing."

She flushed, but said firmly, "You underestimate me—I can be extremely lewd when I want to—or do you already know?" She flushed even deeper.

I took a deep breath and started out, walking stiffly and with my head turned to the rear of the little bloodstone carving held aloft in my cupped hands. Sandra was as good as her word. Never—I mean never—have I seen such a display of erotic dancing. It was sheer, savage sex, duplicating every one of the postures held by the graven female images in the cave.

She would dance ahead of me, stop, then wriggle her lithe body into a provocative pose and hold it until I almost touched her. Then she would move ahead of me and freeze in another position. The rag of a dress had slipped away from her shoulders, and now her whole body was in exotic, sensual motion. It was a magnificent performance, but from my experience in the cave, I knew that only part of it was put on.

WE WERE ABOUT halfway to the boat when they first noticed us. Then two men, who apparently were guards, started running toward us with spears. But they slowed up as we approached, and finally stopped about twenty yards away. The others drew in behind them, crowding in with anxious faces. We continued our weird procession and had just reached the water when I heard shouts behind me on the beach. "Quick—into the boat!" I shouted to Sandra.

As I clambered over the high gunwale after her, I saw a half dozen or so savages cutting through the water toward us. The breakers were rolling in, but further out, the sea seemed calmer.

Sandra was chalk white. Already men were clambering over the bow—

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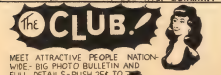
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it was too late for me to get to the forward locker, to reach the rifle. Machete flashing, the first savage came toward me. I stood my ground—waited—and when he leaped forward I slithered aside.

He was off balance now. As he bent slightly forward to regain his stance, I charged at him. The heel of my foot caught him squarely in the lower belly. He screamed and vomited across his chest. And the machete—he dropped the machete! My movements came automatically.

I scrambled across the deck after it, with the natives' din and Sandra's screams like a macabre chorale behind me. Then I had it in my hand and was chopping, flailing—swinging like a berserk harvester in a wheat field. There was an ocean of blood, warm blood streaming down my arm. I glimpsed a dark head lolling from a jagged neck, crimson spurting rhythmically from the void. A faint burning sensation across my own ribs told me I had been wounded, but it was distant and numb, part of a dream.

There was a respite—it had fallen back for a moment. "Take this," I shouted to Sandra, ignoring her waxen complexion and bringing the little figure out from behind her. "Make some motions and then throw it toward the big statue—point that way! Let out a yell."

She held it in her hands for a moment, perfectly motionless. Then, with a startling jerk of her body, she showed it out toward the remaining men in the bow of the boat. They fell back a step at the suddenness of the motion. Then Sandra's face contorted into a terrifying mask. She emitted a piercing

scream and flung the figure across the beach. All eyes remained on her until she pointed, and then followed the direction of her arm. There, as though it had been transformed by magic from the thrown figure, was the statue—peering down balefully from between the two trees.

The reaction of the natives was immediate and violent. The men jumped from the boat, wailing wildly, and ran through the waves to shore. There all of them formed a great half circle and prostrated themselves on the sand, moaning and chanting.

I got the boat well into the water first and then ran forward for the rifle. Even if they came after us in the canoes, I could hold them off now—with time to reload. No attempt was made to follow us, though. I stepped the mast and broke out sail. The last we saw of them as we left the bay was the first flame of their fire.

The island was a low outline against the horizon when the moon came up, full and golden-orange. All that night it shone down on us, and we watched its passage clear across the sky, long after the island dropped from sight.

* * * * *

Bloodstone Island? The statues? It's all there, waiting for some eager archeologist to trace down the rest of the Easter Island riddle. Perhaps some day I'll go back myself—if Sandra will let me.

Sandra—she's Mrs. Halloran now. Every once in a while she'll snuggle up to me and ask: "What ever happened to that love-stranded little wench you picked up way out there in the South Pacific?"

It's a good question . . .

TREASURE OF COSTA RICA (Continued from page 27)

way. I stared back at them, puzzled.

"Aren't you going to drink up?" I asked.

"No," Nat replied.

"Why not?"

Nat smiled disarmingly.

"Well, for one thing," he answered, his smile broadening into a grin, "this Scotch is doped."

MY EYES SWUNG from Nat to Alicia. She averted her head. Suddenly, the entire business was clear to me.

"You bum," I spat out at Nat. "You dirty, double-crossing bum. You won't get away with—"

As I spoke, I tried to rise. But I couldn't make it. My legs buckled under me and I fell full length on the grass. As I lay there, my brain began to do crazy flip-flops.

"Sorry, old buddy," I heard Nat say, "I hope you'll come and visit Alicia and me in Brazil."

Nat's jeering words were the last thing I remembered.

I woke up toward evening of the

next day. Nat and Alicia were gone, of course; so was the treasure; and so was the jeep.

I made a valiant attempt to reach the village that night. But I couldn't make it. I was unable to shake off the effect of the drug.

I reached the village the next morning. From the tiny police station, I put in a call to our consulate. I was informed a car would be sent out for me immediately.

Three hours later found me back in San Jose. I immediately phoned John Symons, head of the Geographical Institute.

"You don't have to explain anything, Ron," Symons said. "We know what's happened. It was on the radio this morning. Nat Owens and his wife landed in Rio de Janeiro with the de Vaga treasure."

"The bastard doped me—" I began.

"We know. What makes it worse is that there's absolutely nothing we can do about it. This country has no extradition proceedings with Brazil. He's absolutely safe down there and that treasure is now all his."

THROW AWAY THOSE OLD, POWER ROBBING, GAS GULPING SPARK PLUGS

* **Convert Your Car With Fuel Ignitor Spark Plugs—GET UP TO 31 MORE HORSEPOWER, 8 MORE MILES PER GALLON USING ONLY YOUR ORDINARY GAS!**

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*Yes, Here at last is a Revolutionary development, so new—so different from similar conventional spark plugs that it has been given a new name. It is called a **POWER FLYTE FUEL IGNITOR**

Your car runs because gasoline is fed into the cylinders where a spark causes it to ignite. This ignition causes the gas to explode. Now here is the important thing. The larger this ignition spark is, the more powerful the explosion. The more powerful the explosion, the more power you get from a given amount of gasoline. Poor ignition means wasted gas—loss of power, poor getaway, bad starting, a sluggish car. Good ignition means more miles per gallon, more horse-power every time you give it the gun. It means blazing pickup, instant starting: an exciting, responsive car to drive.

WHAT CONTROLS ENGINE EFFICIENCY?

Your spark plugs control the efficiency of that ignition. And not only do they give a small spark to begin with, but they get worse every mile you drive. And that you can see for yourself. Put a new set of spark plugs in your car and then look at them at 100 miles, at 1,000 miles, at 5,000 miles. Every time you look you will see more filth and carbon and you will see more of the electrode burning away.



Now you tell me how a weak, inefficient spark from a filthy, burned out plug can possibly give you the kind of flashing, economical performance you want.

STOP USING YOUR OLD SPARK PLUGS NOW!

I am going to suggest that you stop using those borderline spark plugs in your car that's right—get rid of them—forever.

Now please remember that if you were told a couple of years ago that your car could run without a carburetor you wouldn't have believed it—yet, today, you can have fuel injection on your car and get far more mileage, efficiency and power from less gas—and in a few years fuel injection will have completely replaced the carburetor on most cars.

All you have to do is replace your old borderline, inefficient, power-robbing spark plugs with a modern, efficient fuel ignition system, and you can do it yourself in fifteen minutes if you've never had a tool in your hand in your life.

PAYS FOR ITSELF IN ONE MONTH

Now, for the moment, forget about the extra pep, power and performance you are going to get—forget about the savings in spark plug replacement, forget about the savings on wear and tear on your pistons and cylinders that comes from unburned gas washing the protective oil coating off the cylinder walls. Just re-

member one thing—this fuel ignition system is so inexpensive that it can pay for itself in gas savings alone in one month of driving.

Here's how: A spark plug jumps a spark of electricity across an air gap. This is the most wasteful and power-consuming way to get electricity from one place to another and it limits the size of the spark.

A Fuel Ignitor fires on the surface of an electrical semi-conductor. This is the most efficient way to get a big powerful spark into your cylinder.

On ordinary spark plugs the air gap between the electrode and the firing point is always getting bigger because the electrode is burning away. That means you have misfiring which means loss of power plus wasted gas plus wear and damage to the cylinders and piston rings.

On Fuel Ignitors there is no ground wire electrode to burn away. This means maximum gas explosion which means full power, full economy and no raw gas to wash away the oil protection from cylinder walls and pistons.

A spark plug accumulates filth and carbon because of inefficient ignition.

A fuel ignitor gives you a heavy, powerful flame and you can see that by having your servicemen put a spark plug and a Fuel Ignitor in the same spark plug tester. Your Fuel Ignitor will give you a spark 3 times greater than the best spark plug—but as he raises the pressure up-up-up you will continue to see that big spark.

With Fuel Ignitors your ordinary gas will give you up to 8 more miles per gallon, up to 31 more horse-power, plus easier starting in all kinds of weather. Add these savings together and see for yourself! I say that Fuel Ignitors will pay for themselves every single month you drive your car.

Ordinary spark plugs have to be replaced regularly. In some of the new high compression cars, a set of plugs will burn up in a couple of months.

A Fuel Ignitor installation is guaranteed for as long as you own your car.

Now, when you get your set of FUEL IGNITORS, here is all you do. If you have automatic transmission, make a note of how fast your car accelerates when it is in the drive position, with the motor idling. If you have a sports car, a racing car or a boat, make a note of the RPMs as indicated on the tachometer when the engine is idling. If you have a regular transmission, put your car in low gear on a level road and notice its speed with the motor idling. Next take a spark plug wrench and remove your old spark plugs. Strip screw your ignitor right into the spark plug openings and get set for an amazing demonstration.

If you have automatic transmission—now put your car in drive and let your engine idle. If your car stopped still with spark plugs, it will move

forward at from 4 to 6 miles per hour; that means that the amount of gas that just kept your engine turning over will now carry you up to 6 miles at no cost to you.

If you have a racing or sports car or a boat with a tachometer, your RPMs will increase up to 200 more at idling and up to 300 more at higher speeds.

If you have regular transmission, in low gear with your motor idling,



YOUR CAR WILL MOVE FORWARD 5 TO 6 MILES PER HOUR FASTER. In other words, no matter what you drive, here is absolute proof that you can go further, faster and cheaper when you get rid of your old spark plugs and use modern, proven FUEL IGNITORS.

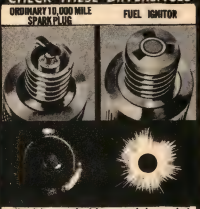
WHAT DOES THIS MEAN TO YOU?

Now, if you're the kind of driver that wants his car to move when he steps on the gas—just 20 seconds later—if you like your car to start when you touch the starter button—not after you grind your battery down, if you want every nickel's worth of mileage from every single gallon of gas you pay for—instead of wasting it in the firing chamber; then you're the man for me.

So here is my astonishing proposition. If you will check out your performance carefully before and after you install your Fuel Ignition System and then tell your friends and neighbors about them, here is what I am prepared to do for you.

You can have a set of FUEL IGNITORS for the year and model of your car for a fraction of their value. If you act now, they are only \$2.00 each. That's only \$12.00 for a 6-cylinder car or \$18.00 for an 8-cylinder car. Now, if your Fuel Ignitors don't meet every specification in my DOUBLE GUARANTEE—if they do not continue to deliver maximum performance for the life of your car... we will replace them FREE until they do.

CHECK THESE DIFFERENCES



Here it is... on the right, an actual photograph of the miracle Fuel Ignitor Spark Plug in action... caught by the eye of a high speed camera inside an ordinary spark plug tester of the very same type found at any service station or garage. Note the Powerful Fuel Ignitor spark compared with that from the regular plug (on the left) photographed at the same time... **SEE THE AMAZING DIFFERENCE!** That's the "Power Economy" story in a nutshell, and why with Fuel Ignitors you'll go further, faster, cheaper for as long as you own your car!

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Ladies and gentlemen, I'm all through. If you'll just take 15 minutes to remove a set of plugs and install a set of Fuel Ignitors and not too proud to save a lot of money—if you enjoy a car that delivers the maximum in smooth powerful performance—then order your FUEL IGNITORS right now.

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"Like hell it is!" I exploded. "I'm going after that bastard and I'm going to get it back."

"Don't be silly, Ron," Symons said sharply. "That man is too dangerous for you to tangle with. Why, a couple of months ago, he almost killed a man."

"I'm going after him!" I raged. "I'm going to hop the first jet down to Rio."

I was as good as my word. I was in Rio before the day was over.

I had hardly settled myself in my hotel room when the downstairs desk phoned to say there was a visitor who wanted to see me. Her name was Alicia Owens.

"Send her up," I said.

A few minutes later, Alicia came up to my room. Her face was pale and haggard, her gentle blue eyes, furtive and uneasy.

"How are you, Ron?" she asked.

"Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," I said.

SHE KEPT LOOKING away from me as if she couldn't bear to meet my gaze.

"Nat asked me to come to see you, Ron," she spoke in a slow, halting voice. "He wants to offer you a deal. He's willing to give you one-third of the treasure if—"

"No dice," I said. "I want it all back. Where is he, Alicia?"

"I can't tell you that, Ron. Nat's willing to tell you—but only if you agree to the deal."

There was a pause. Alicia kept looking away.

"He's made a thief of you, Alicia. You're aware of that, aren't you?"

"Yes," she said, her voice almost inaudible. "I'm aware of that."

"Do you think you're cut out for the role of a thief?" I asked. She made no reply. "Why do you permit him to do this to you, Alicia?" She still made no reply. "Is he really that good in bed?"

"Yes," she muttered finally. "He's really that good in bed."

"Have you ever tried another man? Maybe another man might break the spell he has over you, might free you from your bondage?"

Her eyes flicked toward me. Her lips drooped in a hopeless smile.

"Do you have any other man in mind?" she asked.

"Yes," I said bluntly. "Me."

Her eyes quickly scanned my face. Then she shook her head.

"It wouldn't do any good, Ron," she asserted.

"How do you know? You haven't tried it."

"It wouldn't do any good, Ron," she repeated.

"You know Nat's no good as well as I do, Alicia. Don't you think you owe it to yourself to make a bid for freedom?" She looked away again.

"Let me make love to you, Alicia."

She gave a resigned, hopeless little shrug.

"All right," she said tonelessly.

"Make love to me."

Silence fell over the room. My voice trembled as I said: "Take off your clothes."

She did as I asked, sliding out of her dress, unhooking her brassiere.

I stared at the gorgeous nude vision in front of me, my eyes drinking in the twin ivory globes that were her breasts.

I got out of my clothes, went to her.

I gave the next hour everything I had. I pressed, squeezed, caressed, battered the intoxicating flesh of Alicia's incredibly sinuous and limber body. Alicia, a mysterious smile on her mouth, obeyed every whim of my hands, every command of my body.

When it was over, I asked simply, "How was it?"

She looked at me, smiled, then gave a deferential nod of her head. I felt as if I had been just paid the greatest compliment in the world.

"Will you take me to him?" I asked.

"Yes," she said. "I'll take you to him."

The rest was child's play...

Nat put up no struggle when we came to pick up the treasure. He didn't dare. There was a gun in Alicia's hand and she was quite anxious to use it. He knew it and stayed his distance.

Alicia and I flew back to New York that same day. John Symons, looking very pleased, met us at the airport. He told me I could expect a raise. I was delighted by the news. Turning to Alicia, I said: "A family man can always use a couple of extra bucks, don't you think?"

She smiled. Yes, she thought so, too.

MODERN MEDICINE (Continued from page 12)

antee a normal life span three times greater than expected ten years ago. This is what is being done today.

ALL deaths from these past Rheumatic diseases would come as sudden shocks due to the effects of the early disease on the efficiency of this pump—your heart. It would leave a scarred heart in places where the blood had to move smoothly.

Just like the valves and pistons in your car. Any sludge or imperfection will cause them to knock and soon stick or throw the engine out of line and stop. Well, this early Rheumatic condition left small imperfections on the heart creating a similar pattern. It took many years to make itself known. You see, up to this point you were an active teenager; you played ball, you were

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NEW! "7-11" • Bobbie and Tex introduce a new game . . . Strip Dico! Who wins . . . you will if you get lucky and watch their frantic antics, wearing next to nothing.

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NEW! "TEACH ME TO STRIP" • Pat Hall and Heidi Hill are shown as teacher and teacher's pet in a wild strip sequence, where they START OUT in G-Strings. Every little bump and grind is shown in detail by Heidi, an exotic dancer.

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NEW! "GIRL BANDIT" • Diane Lee sees pretty blonde Jamie Hilton asleep in the raw and pretends to be a bandit, leaving her without a stitch to cover her up. Both girls will steal your heart, as you watch the fun.

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out of doors, you had plenty of good wholesome body activity and fresh air. But, then you settled into a job. The exercise consisted of walking up two flights of stairs and bowling six times a year. The fresh air was a whiff between your back door and the garage. So, as you remember, this pump gets sluggish. The imperfections are now able to take hold and your heart stops giving you good service.

What to do?

One of two procedures are saving thousands of lives every year. First, and only occasionally needed, are the dramatic new surgical methods.

Next is the actual medical care for your own use every day of your life. The original cause, as you recall, was this streptococcus sore throat. And, as discovered, you still had a high invasion of strep in your blood. The daily use of up to a million units of oral penicillin has been the big life saver. The infection is kept under control, the heart is able to rebuild and normal action often follows after six months of treatment.

IN those cases which are stubborn, it is now being advised that daily

uses of penicillin for a lifetime be administered as insulin is to the diabetic.

Just one more word of good expectations. Of all the "heart" cases consulting a doctor (or not consulting), only 10% turn out to be in need of serious treatment. Over 60% are cured with a simple series of digitals or quinidine; the two stand-by heart remedies. The other 30% when tested show false or functional heart trouble. They have palpitations, skipped beats, weakness, and lost breath. But examination shows them to be "suffering" from young people's heart trouble. It is a normal action of a growing heart in a body going through emotional growing up. It often occurs at a crucial time in life: getting a new job, getting married, having a baby enter the home. When the doctor is able to write out a good health ticket the symptoms usually vanish, never to return.

We believe with the progress of medicine in this field of disease moving along as it has, even the 10% now in serious trouble will soon see their symptoms vanish, never to return.

TRAIN RIDE TO ETERNITY

(Continued from page 39)

conductor moved on down the aisle. "We'll get word on it when we reach Bryn Athyn. Musta been held up on account of the snow."

At 7:45 the train rumbled into the picturesque town of Bryn Athyn, a few miles south of the border of Bucks County. The Pennypack Creek, winding parallel to the train tracks, was frozen solid with ice. Clarence Shull peered ahead, out of his window. About a mile beyond Bryn Athyn, right where the creek curved away, loomed the Bryn Athyn cliffs—a solid rocky lump of land through which a cut had been blasted to accommodate the Reading tracks. He took his eyes off the tracks when he heard the voice of the Bryn Athyn station master.

"Mornin' Charlie." The station master handed the conductor a slip of paper. While he was talking, the camel-back locomotive started to ease slowly on to the Bryn Athyn siding.

Clarence Shull took in every motion. Apparently the milk train would pass here instead of at Foxchase. Sure was delayed. He wondered if the Express that normally passed them at Southampton would be late too. . . .

Conductor Evans watched as the train slipped back onto the siding. With one hand he grasped the passenger rail as he peered out. With the other, he stuffed the Bryn Athyn station orders into his pocket.

After a few minutes a train hove into sight around the bend, emerging from the cliffs. The milk train rumbled by. As soon as it had passed, the conductor signaled the engineman to

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proceed. The train started with a jerk, pulling out of its siding, onto the main track. Quickly it picked up speed. Shull sat back. The excitement was over. The man sitting behind him picked up his lunch box and started for the front of the car.

Shull arose at the same time and started for the smoker.

Suddenly, right through the three cars clear out the back of the open, rear door, he saw the figure of a man madly pursuing the train, in shirt sleeves and bareheaded. He was shouting and gesturing wildly. It was the Bryn Athyn stationmaster.

Clarence felt a cold sweat burst over him.

"Hey, Charlie—!" he started to shout, twisting to face the conductor.

The train whistle sheared off his voice. Then he heard another blast, close and piercing as their own from within the same cut. Before he could move, with a roaring crash, the Southampton local shot upwards, like a rocket. It was the last sound Clarence Shull ever heard on this earth.

AT SEVEN forty-five, the same moment that the Northbound train was pulling into Bryn Athyn, the white, station platform at Southampton, three miles above Bryn Athyn, was polka-dotted with commuters picking their way gingerly across the icy surface. They were boarding the Southampton express headed for Philadelphia. Forrest Edelman, a regular commuter, was one of them. The milk train had just idled past and he heard the conductor answering comments on the weather and explaining the changed schedule.

"The milk train was held up on account of the snow. But it won't delay us, any," he noted. "The terminal has sent out orders for the northbound local to wait for us at Bryn Athyn this morning 'stead of passing us at Southampton as usual. This here weather, you know."

The whistle blew. The conductor shouted his usual "all aboard," and then the train was gathering momentum across the snow-covered ground.

Edelman jostled along aisle after aisle of the five passenger train, working his way back to his usual rear-car seat. Now and then he grabbed hold of the plum-colored upholstery, as the wooden cars gave a particularly sharp jerk. He nodded a greeting to the usual band of commuters as he passed. There was an art school teacher, an engineer, a telephone operator, and today a little boy, going to Philly with his mother to see Santa Claus.

Edelman dropped into a rear seat in the smoker. The express crackled along.

Outside, he could see the sharp-edged cliffs of the Bryn Athyn cut, as they pierced the gray sky with their whiteness. The lone figure of a man standing on one of the cliffs, stock-still—shovel in hand—gazing spell-

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bound at them caught his eye for a flash instant. He wondered what the man was staring at? Then he turned, as he heard the little boy running down the aisles of the car ahead, laughing. The engineman let go a long blast of their whistle as they shot between the curving cliff walls. Another blast came almost simultaneously from the other side of the bend.

Edelman dropped his cigar.

The next instant it seemed as if the world had been ripped open by a gigantic blast. There was an ear-splitting sound of tearing steel and splintering wood as the city-bound express and the upcoming local ramed into each other at top speed within the narrow cut, like two giant pistons meeting inside a cylinder.

Edelman had a flash vision of people exploding in all directions. He staggered to his feet, his stomach bouncing, as if it were turned inside-out and his whole frame wrenched. Ridiculously his ticket was still clutched in his hand. He looked about him, dazed. Several other men were pulling themselves out of a crazy-quilt pattern of scattered seats. Edelman's head throbbed as though it had been struck with a hammer. Then, with a sudden spurge of realization, he joined the other men in the aisle, and started forward.

The two front cars were stacked up on each other, both lying over one of the engine tenders. Hunks of white hot coals splattered into the midst of the debris. Within seconds the twisted wooden roofs were torchfires blown to raging fury in the wind. Men and women, like frenzied ants, were crawling out through holes in the sides and roofs. Wild yells of pain mixed with the hissing of steam in the heat-cracking air. Edelman found himself working like an automaton trying to push his way into the rubble. The other men, too, were plunging into the heaped carnage, each doing his utmost to extricate an arm here or a leg there, before the shredded upholstery and the ripped wood were caught by the spreading flames. Here and there a shattered face or the shred of an arm protruded from the wreckage as Edelman tore furiously into the bonfire.

Ahead of him a young woman hung upside down from the top of the burning roof, her feet jammed between two angles of the car's roofing. How she had gotten there, he couldn't tell. But there was no way to reach her. He watched her for a horrible second a sickened witness to the fact that Elizabeth Sheldire, the little Bell Telephone operator everyone knew so well was meeting a witch's death, the flames licking up into her scream-wrenched mouth and billowing through her mass of heavy hair. The odor of burning flesh was nauseating. The man tore into a twisted seat at his feet, where the smashed body of a child was inextricably caught. Edelman looked up through a burning gap in the roof of the car.

On the cliff top—almost level with the heap of burning wood, the boy's mother stood on the rocks, where she had been tossed as though shot from a cannon, her face pitch-black, her eyes wildly staring at the spot where he stood, the place where her boy had been playing moments before.

FORREST EDELMAN swallowed and shook his head. Drops of melted tin from the burning ceiling began to scorch through his clothing and eat into his skin. The leather jacket he wore felt like a fire box. He gave one more hopeless searching look around him.

The entire mass of debris was scooped up in the flames. Edelman picked his way out of the lower end of the pile into the narrow gulch. The wind cut into his face as he climbed shakily along a narrow edge. The air was a confusion choking cries. "I'm burning, I'm burning! Help!"

Suddenly a hand brushed his ankle from under a stack of wood in the gulch. "God help me!" The thin voice of a woman wept. Edelman shouted for assistance and in a few seconds he and a group of smoke-blackened men were prying a young girl, her red hair matted with blood, loose—a portion of a wooden seat driven like a stake through her body.

Ahead, Edelman could see how the Northbound local engine had been jabbed back by the express engine over onto its back, heaping it on top of its coal tender, the huge smoke-stack buried upside down, thrust like a dagger into the wreckage. One engineman lay writhing on the ground where he had been thrown, both legs crushed. "Was it my fault? Tell me, was it my fault?"

The camel-back of the other engine had been torn from its wheels and now lay stacked up on top of the wreckage. Work teams, made up of the few uninjured passengers, had pulled its engineman to safety. Edelman knelt down beside him, lighting him a cigarette and covering his bleeding chest with his coat. The man groaned. "Who did it? Who was responsible? I didn't do it! If I did, tell me before I die!"

Edelman couldn't answer. He plodded wearily forwards to the farther side of the wreckage, a blackened mass of ruins sputtering with steam from the smashed engines. Rescue teams were beginning to arrive from the outside. Ambulances and fire engines crammed into the entrance of the cut. In the midst of the confusion, Edelman saw the conductor of the local, wandering along the tracks.

"My God, my God," Charlie Evans kept murmuring, "I thought the orders were to wait for the milk train!" In his hand he grasped the paper that had been handed to him by the Bryn Athyn station master.

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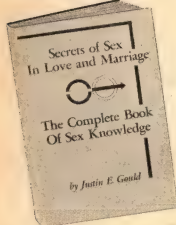
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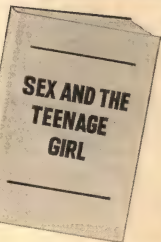
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men from local fire companies struggled in and out of the tightly jammed, almost inaccessible, wreck in the Bryn Athyn cut, salvaging what little was left. News of it filled newspapers from Pennsylvania to California. It was reported that there could have been no worse spot for two trains to meet head-on in the entire United States. Hour upon hour relay teams swung baskets back and forth collecting remains of bodies and the pathetic possessions of the thirty people lost in the wreck. Only a belt buckle of one commuter was found, a piece of suiting of another, a melted wedding ring, or a tooth filling.

Few people who jam the Southampton station platform today remember that early morning of December 5, 1921. Forrest Edelman has long since left the suburban town. But George Klenk remembers, and Paul and Harry Parker, and a few others. They were all occupants of that same rear smoking car. But most passengers now are newcomers to Southampton and know nothing of why jolly-faced, red-headed Anna Fitzpatrick sits in a wheel chair all day. Or why the conductor, Herb Kreusen, who takes their tickets gathers a clouding look in his eyes as the train whisks through the Bryn Athyn cut. He says nothing of his little boy who never got to see Santa Claus that December morning so many years ago. Few now know why the Reformed Church in Churchville has a gigantic headstone for a communal grave with the names of townspeople who became mere ashes in the wind one pre-Christmas morning.

Of the original train crews, only the baggage master of the Philadelphia up-train is still alive, and he was so touched by the tragedy, that he will not speak of it even to this day. The two enginemen survived, after months in the hospital, but they were never anything more than ghosts—gaunt faces and battered bodies of men who went to their graves overshadowed by a horror that never ceased to torture them.

Walter Yeakle, the engineman of the up-train, and Charles Evans, the conductor, were eventually tried by a joint board of the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Pennsylvania Public Service Commission. They were found guilty of neglect and sentenced to prison. It was Charles Evans, however, the conductor who felt so sure he knew what the orders of the Bryn Athyn Stationmaster were that he either misread them or never read them at all, who is reputed to have emerged as the final culprit in the tragedy.

Still one good thing grew from the ashes of that terrible day thirty-seven years ago: wooden coaches with all their frailties and fire hazards were immediately banned from further use for passenger service and the modern day steel coach came into being on the nation's railroads.

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BLACKMAIL VICTIM (Continued from page 33)

but too many guys can use a wash-room in one day." In the sixth month, he left a threatening note himself and hasn't been bothered since. He was lucky; few blackmailers withdraw without substantially more pressure.

Why didn't Jones go to the police? The answer to that covers innocent as well as guilty victims. The police say, "Our biggest obstacle to removing blackmailers from society is human pride. Even a totally innocent man will seldom be eager to admit that he's been taken for a sucker."

Criminologists have established that barely one-tenth of all criminals are ever apprehended. Among roughly 2,000,000 at large, blackmailers by the scores of thousands are haunting steady patrons or sniffing out new quarry across the nation. If not you, someone in your immediate circle is ripe for plucking; there's no soft-pedaling this fact on the part of knowing sociologists. Says Dr. M. A. Elliott of Pennsylvania State College, "Lest any smug sense of self-righteousness overcome the large majority of us, we will do well to remember that there is relative lawlessness in all men."

EVERYBODY IS A CANDIDATE for blackmail. The number of things that people insist on hiding, even at the cost of untold millions of dollars, are limited only by the total population of the world. And these reasons range from the silly and ridiculous, to the most gruesome of crimes. No one is immune. For at sometimes in our lives, each and every one of us has done something that we don't want reported. And all of us can be called upon to shell out our hard-earned dough to protect those secrets at any time.

But perhaps the ripeness of ordinary people all around us for blackmail is best told by their own admissions. Under the tongue-in-cheek title of "Our Law-Abiding Lawbreakers," the Randen Foundation questioned individuals in a cross-section of racial, religious and financial groups. How many were hiding a shame if not guilt, or in other words which one or more of forty-nine listed offenses did 1020 men and 678 women commit? The study by Drs. James Wallerstein and Clement Wyle found 91% admitting lawbreaking after age sixteen, the legal punishable age.

Some of the findings: 77% of the men and 74% of the women had committed acts of indecency; 74% of men, 54% of women, gambling; 85% men, 76% women, disorderly conduct; 46% men, 34% women, falsification or fraud; 57% men, 40% women, tax evasion; 23% men, 7%

women, conspiracy—and yes, 16% men, 6% women, coercion and blackmail!

Those three or four males and females confessing to morals offenses became potential or actual targets for blackmail.

But even if you've never sinned, you're still a potential sucker for a blackmailing vampire. For sex offenses are something from which no human being is ever beyond suspicion.

Most men, like Dr. Charles N—, would insist that since they are not one of the 8,000,000 confirmed homosexuals, occasional bisexuals using marriage as a cloak, or could possibly compromise the "sick sex" even once, they're outside a very profitable blackmail orbit. As a normal man, Dr. Charles thought exactly this, until the evening he was summoned to a waterfront warehouse. A frantic voice had told him that the watchman had fallen twenty feet from a platform. No one greeted the medico on his arrival, thus he had to trace moans coming from a small back room to find a man writhing on the floor.

The fact that he was naked, except for shorts, puzzled the doctor, but he lost no time in kneeling to his aid. Suddenly, cameras flashed from two angles. The doctor's vehement denials to the grim photographers faded with the bitter realization of their purpose.

You needn't be caught doing anything. At least, nothing more serious than chatting with a neighbor's wife at a supermarket, or replacing a fuse blown by her washing machine in a basement during her husband's absence. Yet, how well could you argue down threats to tell your wife and her husband that the store conversation or fuse replacement was but one link in a long chain of escapades? Confident as you may be of your ability to prove the accuser a liar, your courage to stand pat against him could wobble with doubts over your spouse's, kids', relatives', or employer's reactions.

In Boston, a college student went stag on the town one evening. Having finished a week of rough exams, crammed with studies at the cost of sleep, he wanted only to sit in some corner of a nightclub, nurse a beer, and listen to the music. To a blackmailer with a female accomplice schooled in the "badger game," a womanless bar patron is always easy pickings. Soon, the bachelor

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was politely permitting a newly-arrived woman to take the empty chair at his table; for her purposes, of course, the place was conveniently crowded.

Several minutes later, her wrap fell to the floor, and when both leaned over to retrieve it, she took advantage of the attention they attracted. Straightening with a gasp, she slapped his face, shrieking, "The nerve!" A burly man rushed over to defend his "wife," and bouncers helped him escort the young man to a back room to wait for the police. With the youth's mounting pleas of innocence, the "husband" asked the pair of bouncers to leave the room for a moment.

"We have a clubful of witnesses out there to what you did," he reminded the target when they were alone. He offered to drop the charges, however, for \$1,000. Squirming, the student claimed inability to raise that much, yet terrified by the thought of how a scandal would affect his engineering degree and the career ahead, he proposed to sell his 1950 Buick. It should bring \$400 or so. The black-mailer seemed disappointed but unhastily settled for that amount.

MANY OTHER BACHELORS, or husbands traveling alone, might correctly deny that they could ever be rooked by the badger stunt. Their eye is too sharp to let a B-girl get within shakedown range at a club, restaurant, or hotel; no call girls pursuing trade at big-city conventions could get within ten feet of them; and these men wouldn't attend the private risqué shows that are another common setting for priming blackmail situations.

If the fellows' own cities are included in the eighty-six of the nation's largest 243 that a new survey indicts for openly tolerating prostitution, this fact doesn't place them among added male legions ripe for extortion skill. Neither does Kinsey's fact that 40% of husbands practice infidelity somewhere along the biological line.

Assume, though, that a fellow has driven his legal fiancée to the traditionally American lovers' lane with intentions of keeping petting strictly within safe limits. Is he completely safe? A Los Angeles man posing as an officer in a wooded, fashionable area found one lane a "natural." Despite arresting him repeatedly, the law couldn't make a charge against him stick. The suspect's advantage in encountering no resistance from interrupted lovers was his 220 pounds, but in the police lineup his advantage was his victims' embarrassment. Not until after four years was one youth brave enough to point him out and launch him on a 15-year sentence.

Many other vistas of blackmail

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ventures have no sex basis whatever and yet produce countless dupes. One field involves the husband who loses a bundle in a dice game or at the track or stock market, and wishes to keep the bad news from his wife, regardless of whether it'll cost him some more to buy a wary schemer's shielding.

Conversely, you'd better not have a jealous enemy, as Robert T— did, if you hit the numbers for \$1,200. Bob wanted to keep his spouse in the dark not out of selfishness but because he had long ago promised her to quit all forms of gambling. A small-time hoodlum of his acquaintance learned of the big take via assorted bookies—news of a really sizeable winning usually gets around. The hood hadn't forgotten how heavily he'd lost once to Bob in a crap game. Here was his chance for revenge. The husband was forced to part with half his harvest.

The constantly recurring phrase in newspaper stories: "in making the arrest, police acted on a tip," with "... from an unidentified caller," may lend more testimony than anyone realizes to the fact that a blackmailer will go to the cops if thwarted and if he has more than the average extortionist's courage.

The papers recently reported the end of a 17-year masquerade by a civic leader in a minor midwestern city. Vincent P. C., Jr., who escaped from a California lookup in 1938 and, under the assumed name of Peter V—, eventually became superintendent in a large factory, heard a strange but vaguely familiar voice on the phone one day.

Did he remember "Palsy," his old cellmate? The pal was hard up for money; surely Vincent could spare a couple of thousand. Vincent did again and again—until he was near bankruptcy. When only the sale of his home and other treasured possessions could spare him any longer, he sat down to talk to his wife, confessing his past. They decided it would be best for him to return to a statutory-rape sentence, rather than rob the children of their comfort. In vain, Vincent still hoped that Palsy would back down. But then, though most will, Vincent did not.

BUT WHILE AN EX-KON may be an easy patsy to a blackmailer, he still takes time and effort to find. And blackmailers don't usually take that much trouble to locate their victims. There are so many easier marks, right close at hand.

Can the blackmailer get enough incriminating dope on someone who's suspected of beating Uncle Sam out of tax dollars?

How many doctors in this town are "ghost surgeons" or fee-splitters against medical society regulations?

Who is living in common-law

marriage?

Isn't there always a merchant in every town who has violated fair-trade laws or Federal Trade Commission rules with respect to bargain offers, going-out-of-business sales, etc.?

Didn't "Bill Brown" do some careless boasting in the presence of co-workers about the merchandise he smuggled past customs inspectors on his last trip to Quebec? The customs bureau makes public offers of payments for tips.

A blackmailer cares little about the effect his extortion may have on the victim. All he wants is money, and to hell with every other consideration.

And to see how tragic such demands can be, we need only examine the case of Clinton H—.

For Clinton was illegitimate. He was also in love. His greatest goal was marriage to the girl he had loved since junior high school. True, her well-to-do parents would be fussy about whom she wed, but the one "flaw" in his background needn't ever become known to them. He never learned which of her would-be suitors started to write the threatening letters to him. In fact, he only suspected that the writer was one of his jealous rivals, corrupt enough to ask for money. When the blackmailer refused to let go after taking all his savings for the marriage, Clinton H— had to choose between facing the girl and her parents with the truth... or doing away with himself.

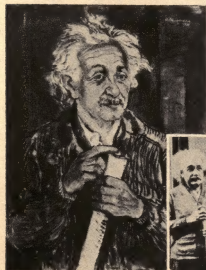
This extreme in a tragic situation fortunately doesn't happen often. "To a person being blackmailed, I say, go immediately to the police," urges J. Edgar Hoover. "The officials will see to it that the proper body of law, local, state or federal, will swing into action against this parasitic form of lawbreaker."

FBi experience has shown that the embarrassment a victim may have to suffer publicly is usually less severe than most of us would imagine. Two or three people out of ten may believe the grisly details. Your good reputation will make the rest merely laugh at the accuser or whatever he's spilled before fleeing into seclusion. As one city police commissioner put it, "Your real friends will be ready to knock the block off anyone who tries to drag you through the mud for the kind of error many people are capable of committing."

The simplest means to avoid a costly clutch is, of course, to avoid getting into any kind of trouble. Failing in this, your best course is to face down the blackmailer: It's not only a necessary duty to yourself but to friends and all society. For the effect of getting more parasites locked up is setting examples for any others who regard this criminal field as one of easy plunder.

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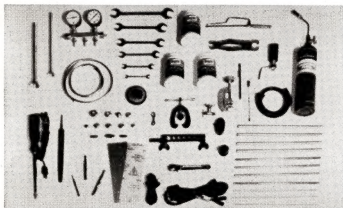
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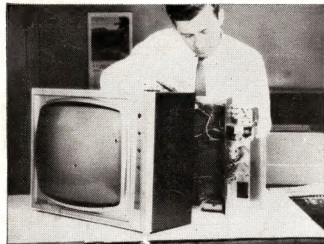
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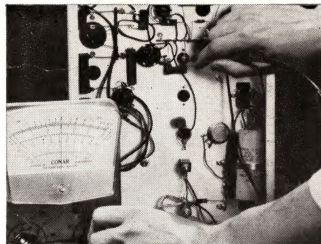
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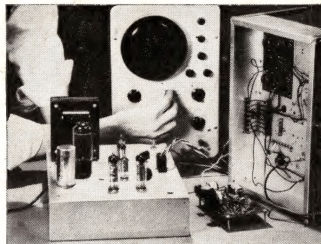
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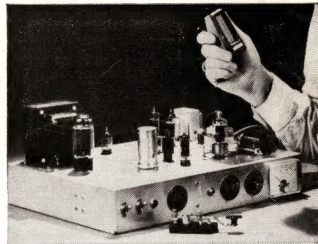
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F. W. COX, Hollywood, Calif., averaged \$150 a month fixing sets in spare time while training, now has his own full-time business.

R. L. WOOD, Fargo, N.D., got his FCC License as part of his NRI training and is Master Control Engineer with KXIB-TV.



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